

Hardserabble

1920

This book is the
property of June²² & Leo²⁰
McNamara.
May 22, 1920

Donated by
MRS MARGARET McNamara
1987

HARDSCRABBLE

The Annual of the
Streator Township High School

1920

Volume Two
Published by the Senior Class



Streator Township High School
Streator, Illinois

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEES

George W. Graham, President

Chas. J. Elliott

Thomas M. Hoarty



TO MR. W. D. WALDRUP,
our principal and friend,
as an expression of appreciation
of his wise and willing guidance thru
our high school career, we, the Class of
'20
respectfully dedicate this
Second Volume of
"Hardscrabble"

REFLECTIONS OF AN OLD-TIMER

I have been asked to write the reflections of "an old-timer." Why have I, who can have no such reflections, been asked to write on such a subject? Why not refer to O. B. Ryon or Harry Lukins, both of whom have been around these parts since that time when the mind of man or woman runneth not to the contrary, and either of whom can write a "Hardscrabble Anthology" that would take the Spoon River edition out of the list of best sellers? Surely it cannot be possible that I am already classed among the old-timers! I can prove it by any member of the class of 1903 that that most illustrious class graduated very recently.

Can it be a fact that sixteen classes have graduated, and that one more class is about to graduate, since that Commencement Day when we of '03 started out to show this old world how things should be run?

And what word of encouragement and inspiration can be said to the members of the Class of 1920, as they are about to leave the old, familiar haunts, and start out toward new and strange and more strenuous things?

A few days ago I spent an hour in the assembly room of the High School. Only Miss White was there to speak of the time when we of '03 proudly entered the "new building" (constructed with the idea that it was large enough for every purpose for all time to come—but now so badly over-crowded). And I wandered down to the gymnasium, and thought of the early days in the "new building" when, after a strenuous game of indoor baseball or basketball, we would wait for the dust to settle down on the rough, dirt floor. Then I thought of the basketball teams and baseball teams and football teams that, uncoached and untrained, would journey forth to take the measure of Ottawa, Pontiac, and La Salle (or to be measured), and wondered how long those teams would have lasted against that wonderful aggregation of athletes that brought back to Streator so many scalps during the last athletic season. And yet, without that coaching and training, John Grogan and Mike Walker went out from our High School and became stars in the fastest company.

I have before me a copy of "Hardscrabble, 1919," a publication of which any college might be proud—and think of "The Review," which we of 1903 first published. Our monthly publication was not so pretentious (I well remember the trouble we had to pay the expenses of that small publication), but it was ours, and I have no doubt but that we worked as hard to get it out, and enjoyed it as much when it was issued, as do the members of the class of 1920 enjoy their big annual.

There have been many changes on the campus and in the buildings. The world has moved on—and the S. H. S. has moved with it. Another generation is busy with its books, and with its parties, and with all of the activities in which we were engaged only a few short years ago—all in preparation for the things of the future. And it is proper that it should be so.

We may, with reference to the donation of our High School building by Col. Ralph Plumb, quote his own words, spoken with reference to the gift of the Streator Public Library by Andrew Carnegie: "This building stands here today as a monument to his loyalty, . . . as a pledge that mental famine shall never prevail in our city, and that, with the continued co-operation of our citizens, no Streator boy or girl, shall ever lack for the bread of life—which is knowledge."

May we all appreciate the privileges we have enjoyed!

We alumni of the Streator Township High School are glad that you of the Class of 1920 and other classes are having all of the advantages of that institution, and are looking forward to the pleasure of welcoming you into the ever-growing band of alumni. It may be that we (old-timers and others) have allowed our individual interests and affairs so to occupy our thoughts and time as to cause us to lose that really close connection with the High School which we should retain, but we are as much interested in the institution as ever; and the time may come, perhaps in the very near future, when we of the S. H. S., whether of '93, '03, '13, or '23, will have the opportunity to put our shoulders to the wheel and put over the project of the new "new building," and thus enable the Streator Township High School to maintain the place it has always occupied in the very front rank of High Schools in the State.

THURLOW G. ESSINGTON, '03.



E. H. BAILEY
LLOYD PAINTER

R. C. OSBORN
T. M. QUINN

LOUIS NATER
J. F. MORRIS

Township Treasurer.....E. H. Bailey
President of Board.....R. C. Osborn
Secretary of Board.....Louis Nater

Building and Grounds Committee
J. F. Morris
T. M. Quinn

Teachers and School Management
Lloyd Painter
Louis Nater

Supplies Committee
J. F. Morris
Louis Nater

TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION AND TOWNSHIP TRUSTEES

The Class of 1920 appreciates very much what it means to graduate from a good high school controlled by men of wide experience; long, willing service; and broad sympathies for our youthful needs and efforts. Board and Trustees, we thank you for your labors in our behalf, and especially for your generous gift toward the support of this Annual.



W. D. WALDRUP, A. B.
University of Indiana
Principal



ISABEL WHITE
University of Chicago
English and Drawing



LOUIS R. FINCHAM
Normal, Stout Institute
Manual Training



ELBERTA LLEWELLYN, M. A.
Central Wesleyan
Music and English



BONNIE L. SHOOP, A. B.
University of Wisconsin
Mathematics



A. B. SCOTT, B. A.
University of Michigan
Commercial



TERESA M. CORNELIUS, B. S.
Beloit
Science



URINA ROBERTS
Streator High School
Typewriting



LOWELL DALE, A. B.
Wabash College
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University of Illinois
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Heidelberg University
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Knox
Latin and History



FRANCES H. TROST, A. B.
University of Illinois
History



LUCRETIA CRESSEY, A. B.
University of Illinois
Physics and Chemistry



MARGARET MacCALLUM, A. B.
Northwestern
Modern Languages



ZELMA M. WOOLLEY, B. A.
Beloit
English

MARIE J. HONEYWELL, A. B.
Beloit
English

LITIA LAW, B. S.
Milliken U.
English and Millinery



FLORENCE FERGUSON, B. S.
Wooster
Algebra

SEPTIMUS E. BARBOUR, B. A.
Chicago Musical College
Orchestra

DELLA LEWIS
Gregg Business School
Bookkeeping



VIOLET E. KEATS, B. A.
Northwestern
Latin

RUTH C. ROBB
Streator High School
Secretary



A WORD OF APPRECIATION

One of our older friends is graduating with the Class of 1920. Miss Isabel White, the friend and advisor of a host of former and present students of S. H. S., is leaving us for a well-deserved rest. We shall all miss her very much, and our best wishes go with her. For a generation, her counsel and advice have guided the path of the youth of this town. Her influence on this community—more enduring than a bronze tablet—will be reflected in our midst for many years to come, and we shall all have had a broader and richer life on account of her life and work among us.

W. D. WALDRIP.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL BOARD OF EDUCATION

"Resolved, That the resignation of Miss Isabel White as instructor in the Streator Township High School be accepted to take effect at the close of the school year in June, 1920.

"And Be it Further Resolved, That this Board express its appreciation of the long and efficient services of Miss White rendered to the High School and to the many students who have been privileged to receive instruction through her efforts.

"And this Board, on behalf of its members, past and present, and on behalf of the patrons of Streator Township High School, extend to Miss White good wishes for her in all her future activities."

FROM THE CLASS

"Time is long," Eternity murmured,
"And I banish all regrets."
"Yes, but service," breathed the Master,
"Service I can ne'er forget."
William Schroeder '20.

WHEN—

When widely separate '20 shall stray,
There still one lasting joy will be,
The memory, which with us will stay,
Of four short years spent happily;
When we received both praise and blame,
And learned to overcome our fears;
When we met classmates who became
Our sincere friends throughout the years.

When we began indeed to dream
Of what our lives were meant to be,
Only the best with us did seem
Inspiring enough to be thought worthy.
When planning thus, though we were young,
We knew that we had weaknesses,
But who that to ideals has clung
Has not soon conquered some of these?

When soon our class of '20 shall try
To make these school-day dreams come true,
Success and failure both may lie
In the toilsome path which we pursue;
But for these things we shall not care
When our earnest aspirations rise,
To do in the best way our share
Of the world's work that before us lies.

When we shall learn our fellow-men
To love, and in our hearts realize
That all the peoples to the world's end
Our brothers are and should thus-wise
Be treated; when we shall learn soon
To serve with heart and hand freely,
Then will our lives be kept in tune
With God's eternal symphony.
Marjorie Archer '20.

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY

OFFICERS

President	Edwin Griswold
Vice-President	Harry Britton
Secretary	Edith Huggans
Treasurer	Philip Saunders
Advisors	Miss Cornelius and Mr. Waldrip

COLORS

Purple and White

FLOWER

Violet

MOTTO

“Launched, but not anchored”

YELL

Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—Boom.
Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—Boom.
Ya-a-a-a-a-a—Twenty
Twenty——Twenty
Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—Boom.
Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—Boom.
Twenty, Rah Rah; Twenty, Rah, Rah,
Twenty rah rah rah rah rah,
Twenty——Twenty

Edwin Griswold



Marion White



Pauline Ieuter



1920

Marjorie Archer



Wilma Hepler



Harry Britton



J. EDWIN GRISWOLD "Gris" "S"

Freshman, Sophomore and Senior President, "Hardscrabble," Junior Reporter, Vaudeville, Glee, Hi-Y, Varsity Football, Basketball and Track, Class Basketball and Track.

Hope: To be a Walter Eckersall 2nd.

"More light, more life, more love."

MARION ISABEL WHITE "Meeyon"

President Dramatics, "Hardscrabble," Glee, Vaudeville, Sophomore Reporter, Junior Treasurer, Freshman Vice-President.

Hope: To be taller than Edith.

"A blushing cheek of apple-blossom."

FRANCES PAULINE IEUTER "Pablita" - *Harry* -

"Hardscrabble," Vice-President Dramatics, Vaudeville, Glee, Basketball Club.

Hope: To excel Gaby Delys.

"I know there is none other I can love, save only he."

MARJORIE EDITH ARCHER "Major"

"Hardscrabble," Secretary-Treasurer Dramatic Club.

Hope: To be a doctor.

"It is dreadful to be a minister's daughter."

WILMA LOIS HEPLER "Hep"

Dramatics.

Hope: To grow fat, yea, even fat.

"A wise and willing worker,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

Married & divorced & married
HARRY ELMER BRITTON "Brit" "S"

Senior Vice-President, "Hardscrabble" Committee, Vaudeville, Glee, Hi-Y, Varsity Basketball, Football and Track, Class Basketball and Track.

Hope: To reside in a cucumber patch.

"An oyster may be crossed in love."

Edward Mohan



Mildred Barackman



Roma Sexton



1920

Mary Sabo



Anne Sabo



William Reed



EDWARD T. MOHAN "Eddie" "S"

Married - 1928

Dramatics, Glee, Varsity Football, Track, Class
Basketball.

Hope: To be a poet.

"A shark—when he has his lessons,
And cheerful all the time."

'26 - June

MILDRED PARK BARACKMAN "Mil" *WAYNE*

Dramatics, Vaudeville.

Hope: To draw harmony from the keys.

"She hath an amiable weakness,
And she hath an amiable charm."

ROMA SEXTON

Gurney - '29

Freshman Reporter, Sophomore Vice-President,
Dramatics, Vaudeville, Glee.

Hope: To study art.

"Fair and softly goes far."

MARY L. SABO "Molly"

Dramatics, Chorus.

Hope: To be with Anne.

"Never smile just once,
But always laugh twice."

ANNE SABO "Ann"

Dramatics, Chorus.

Hope: To always be with Mary.

"She is not to be measured by her size;
Numerous virtues does she disguise."

WILLIAM ARLIE REED

"Hardscrabble" Committee, Dramatics, Orchestra,
Class Basketball.

Hope: To be a drummer boy.

"A little work and much play."

James Carswell



Marion Clemons



Bertha Kimes



1920

Velma Wakey



Ruth Johnson



George Jones



JAMES CARSWELL JR. "Jim" "Cars"

"Hardscrabble," Dramatics, Vaudeville, Class Track.

Hope: To say good-bye to Virgil.

"Love and a big nose cannot be hid."

MARION FRANCIS CLEMONS "Marie" *MARRIED*

Basketball Club.

Hope: To design for "Marguerite"

"Better late than never,

Though better never late."

MARGARET BERTHA KIMES "Bert"

"Hardscrabble," Dramatics, Basketball Club.

Hope: To follow in Myrtle's footsteps.

"She walks far for learning,
And learns by the way."

VELMA LUCILLE WAKEY "Cele" *MARRIED*

Dramatics, Basketball Club.

Hope: To be an xylophonist.

"She looks as though she came from Paree,
Likewise she is a maid merrie."

RUTH LINDA JOHNSON "Ruthy" "Pest"

Dramatics.

Hope: To live in Grand Ridge.

"Life comes before literature,
And cooks before poets."

MARRIED
GEORGE A. JONES "Jonesy"

"Hardscrabble," Dramatics.

Hope: To win a little "Stenog."

"A steady, sober sort of citizen, who never regrets
his silence."

William Schroeder



Eunice Perry



Lois Huggans



1920

Audrey Cook



Erma Lewis



Hector Beard



WILLIAM DEXTER SCHROEDER "Bill"

Junior President, "Hardscrabble," Dramatics, Hi-Y,
Class Track.

Hope: To draw and draw and draw.

"Who can wrestle against sleep?"

EUNICE STEWART PERRY "Imogene" "Euniegee"

"Hardscrabble," Dramatics, Vaudeville, Glee.

Hope: To live in Gardner.

"A lady wise, but coquettish,
Serious, but smiling."

Married '26

MARGARET LOIS HUGGANS "Muddy" *SHERRY*

"Hardscrabble" Committee, Dramatics.
Basketball Club.

Hope: To found a second Hull House.

"Why is this thus and why this thusness?"

Married

AUDREY NAOMI COOK "Cookie"

Dramatics, Basketball Club.

Hope: To be a social worker.

"'Tis talk that makes the world go 'round,
I will maintain it before the whole world."

ERMA R. LEWIS "Rach"

Dramatics.

Hope: To be a school "marm."

"I have such pleading eyes,
That I will surely catch a prize."

HECTOR M. BEARD "Hec" "Shorty"

Dramatics, Basketball, Vaudeville.

Hope: To attain the height of five feet.

"Everything is sweetened by risk."

Sherman Bennett



Augusta
Hasenkamper



Frances McKenzie



Emma Hocking



Martha Holliday



Leo McNamara



R. SHERMAN BENNETT "Shrimp" "Sherm"

"Hardscrabble" Committee, Dramatics, Vaudeville,
Class Basketball, Class Track, Hi-Y.

Hope: To get more knowledge somewhere.

"He is the very pine-apple of politeness."

AUGUSTA ROSE HASENKAMPER "Blondie" "Gussie"

Dramatics, Basketball Club, Vaudeville.

Hope: To be an actress.

"As fair as life and twice as natural,
A pard-like spirit, true and tried."

Married *ARMEL*
FRANCES E. McKENZIE "Frank" "Mac"

"Hardscrabble" Committee, Dramatics, Glee, Basketball Club.

Hope: To be on the wire.

"Half as sober as a judge, and twice as busy."

Married
EMMA MARGARET HOCKING "Em"

Dramatics, Basketball Club, Glee.

Hope: To please Frank. *Lead*

"Love will conquer at the last,"
If one's trust is true and fast."

MARTHA JACKSON HOLLIDAY "Jack" "Lyle"

Dramatics, Basketball Club, Glee.

Hope: To rule a school.

"No path of flowers leads to glory."

MARRIED
LEO ROBERT McNAMARA "Mac" "Murph"

"Hardscrabble" Committee, Junior Vice President,
Dramatics, Hi-Y, Glee, Captain Class Basketball, Class Track.

Hope: To be Egypt's greatest ballet exponent.

"My greatest care is lack of care,
For care did kill a cat."

Ralph Campbell



Ruby Roberts



Edith Sprague



1920

Adah Keiffer



Sarah Kirk



Harold Burton



RALPH ELBRIDGE CAMPBELL "Camel"

married - 1928

"Hardscrabble," Dramatics, Vaudeville, Class Basketball.

Hope: To be a ladies' man.

"You may trust him in the dark."

RUBY A. ROBERTS "Rue" "Shorty"

DENNEHE - '28

"Hardscrabble" Committee, Basketball Club President, Dramatics, Glee.

Hope: To have a part ownership in the Majestic.

"I am for votes for women; let us consider the reason of the case."

EDITH E. M. SPRAGUE "Ede" "Dardanella"

Glee, Basketball Club.

Hope: To be a prima-donna.

"Don't worry me with men,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John."

ADAH B. KEIFFER "Bozo"

married

Dramatics, Basketball Club.

Hope: To get married.

"Smiles, smiles, unending smiles,
Come of them what may."

SARAH E. KIRK "Sare"

Dramatics, Basketball Club.

Hope: To reside in Chicago.

"She can come and go as she pleases,
And make a virtue of necessity."

HAROLD D. BURTON "Har" "Burt"

married

Dramatics, Orchestra, Vaudeville, Glee, Class Basketball.

Hope: To make Irene my queen.

"Insistence is the root of common existence."

Philip Saunders



Goldah Coe



Edith Huggans



1920

Helen Conroy



Frances Fabina



Arthur Shaw



PHILIP SAUNDERS, JR. "Phil"

"Hardscrabble" Editor-in-Chief, Dramatics, Hi-Y,
Class Basketball.

Hope: To be a Brown man.

"There is a foolish corner even in the brain of a
sage."

Married GOLDAH MAURINE COE "Doc" *WOOLLEY - Dead*

"Hardscrabble," Dramatics, Vaudeville, Basketball
Club.

Hope: To have a Ford Sedan.

"Better be dead than out of style."

EDITH REEDER HUGGANS "Dee" *Died 11/29/26*

"Hardscrabble," Dramatics, Basketball Club, Fresh-
man and Sophomore Treasurer.

Hope: To become a Latin translator.

"I can tell you what she wore,
Before she ever entered the door."

HELEN CONROY "Connie" *DEAD*

Dramatics.

Hope: To rule my wild locks.

"She thinks in terms of forestry
And loves the great outdoors."

FRANCES MATILDA FABINA "Francie"

Dramatics.

Hope: To teach the Kangley kids.

"She smiles sweetly and says nothing,
Then nothing need be said."

ARTHUR E. SHAW "Hawkshaw" "Art"

Dramatics, Vaudeville, Hi-Y.

Hope: To bowl a perfect score.

"I do know him by his gait,
And by his cheerfulness toward fate."

Harvey Rinker



Burdett Atwood



Ella Muntz



1920

Isabelle McCord



Ethel Brown



Ruth Missel



HARVEY WILLARD RINKER "Rink" "Hermit"

married

Dramatics, Vaudeville, Orchestra, Class Basketball.

Hope: To become a mathematical farmer.

"He shows sparks that are wit,
And willingness and grit."

BURDETT ATWOOD "Bing" "Baby" *VAN LON '26*

"Hardscrabble," Dramatics, Glee, Basketball Club.

Hope: To imitate Ann Pennington.

"A small joke entirely surrounded by costumes."

ELLA E. MUNTZ "L" "Elements"

DEAD 1926

"Hardscrabble" Committee, Dramatics, Basketball Club.

Hope: To be second Galli Curci.

"I am sure care's an enemy to life,
Variety's the spice of life."

MARY ISABELLE McCORD "Belle"

Dramatics.

Hope: To go to boarding school.

"Courteous to all, intimate with few,
Innocent, busy, tried and true."

ETHEL ELIZABETH BROWN "Et"

Dramatics, Basketball Club.

Hope: To impart knowledge.

"The march of the human mind is slow,
No path of flowers leads to glory."

RUTH MISSEL "Snip" "Ruthie"

"Hardscrabble" Committee, Dramatics, Basketball Club.

Hope: To be a beauty doctor.

"Honest labor bears a lovely face—
A silent recommendation."

John Breen



Marjorie Robb



Laura Peterson



1920

Irene Liptak



Florence Graves



Bessie Stowe



JOHN M. BREEN "Ferret" "Speed" *MARRIED '25*

Freshman Secretary, Dramatics, "Hardscrabble,"
Vaudeville, Class Basketball Hi-Y.

Hope: To cut down Peanut Hill.

"Give me the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall."

MARJORIE ROBB "Robbie" *- married*

Basketball Club.

Hope: To move to ever-so-small a city.

"Lady, you have a merry heart,
And you'd rather be right than President."

Married
LAURA CHRISTENA PETERSON "Pete"

Dramatics, Glee, Basketball Club.

Hope: To become a farmer's wife.

"Oh, my beau is so nice,
None is, except himself."

IRENE J. LIPTAK "Rene" *married And. Kosley '26*

Dramatics, Basketball Club.

Hope: To be a china merchant.

"She hath a merry tongue, forsooth,
And therefore, let's be merry."

FLORENCE MABEL GRAVES "Floss"

Dramatics, Basketball Club.

Hope: To live farther from town.

"It is not good for a woman to be too energetic,
or a man either, for that matter."

MARRIED
BESSIE LOUISE STOWE "Bess" "Betty"

Dramatics, Glee, Basketball Club.

Hope: To return to Pontiac.

"She laughs and says her say,
And asks her dear five hundred friends."

John Rohan



1920

Agnes Willey



Clara Goebel



Mary Williams



Merle Reeder



JOHN C. ROHAN "Johnny"

Dramatics.

Hope: To run the farm and the family.

"Rare compound of oddity and fun,
A jolly joke to cure the dumps."

Married

AGNES WILLEY "Willie" *Glavinigan*

Dramatics, Basketball Club, Glee.

Hope: To be a speed wonder.

"Let's get together and stay together."

Dead

CLARA E. GOEBEL "Pat"

Dramatics, Basketball Club.

Hope: To raise a voice.

"Full of sweet indifference,
With just enough of learning to misquote."

MARY WANETTA WILLIAMS "Mae" ^{'26} IRR GANG

Dramatics, Basketball Club, Glee.

Hope: To succeed Schumann-Heink.

"The pleasing illusions of youth,
That cheer us up, forsooth."

MERLE KATHLEEN REEDER

We cannot realize that Merle has passed from our midst—she was so filled with the joy and enthusiasm of life. Appreciation was the key-note of her young life; she was appreciative of her family and home, of the companionship of her young friends, of the needs of others, of the beauty of music and art. We, the Class of 1920, with whom Merle would have graduated, and the Class of 1921, with whom she entered high school, will always remember the pleasant times spent with our beloved classmate.

THE EVENTFUL HISTORY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS CLASS OF 1920

VOLUME I, 1916-17

CHAPTER ONE. One fine morning in September a long line of prospective students files
FIRST DAY slowly through the portals of the Streator Township High School. After
AT HIGH SCHOOL a nerve-racking examination for infantile paralysis germs, we find our way with hesitating steps and wildly-beating hearts to seats in the assembly hall. What a big room it seems! To us, with strange faces to the right of us, to the left of us, in front of and behind us, it is as big and forbidding as Mammoth Cave. At last, at the sounding of a mysterious bell, our little program cards clutched tightly in our hands, we wander helplessly through the corridors.

CHAPTER TWO. The disorganized, fearful mob mentioned above, has now become a united
WE ORGANIZE class, exactly one-hundred strong. Capable Edwin Griswold is elected presi-
INTO A CLASS dent. Marion White assumes the dignified role of vice-president, while John Breen is given a brand-new secretarial book to write in. Edith Huggans is given the care of the class treasury with the additional duty of tax-collector. A color combination, which we have since learned to think the most beautiful of all, is chosen as the class colors—purple and white.

CHAPTER THREE. Under the leadership of Miss Scott, we Freshies begin to come into promi-
WE SHOW OUR nence. The mighty Juniors and Seniors are astounded by the ability of some
METTLE of the good-looking Freshman girls to get "E's." The value of such talent is proven when the Freshman number of the "Review" is found to be one of the most original and interesting of the whole year. Then our class basketball team, under Captain Bundy, causes them worry, for the older teams are given a good run for their money. At our first party the Freshmen are voted a jolly good bunch.

VOLUME II, 1917-18

CHAPTER ONE. Upon returning to school, we find that the war, high wages and
IN WHICH WE REORGANIZE general upheaval of conditions have caused many of our class-
 mates to desert the ranks. But the big majority are still here. The boys are brown and healthy and seem to have grown a foot through the summer. Even Hector seems to be a little taller than he was.

At our first class election, Edwin Griswold is honored with a second term as president, with Roma Sexton as his lieutenant. Albert Baskin has charge of the secretary's book, and Edith Huggans, having been very successful in her trying job of collecting "two-bit" pieces, is entrusted with the official tin bank. Miss Rooke is given the rather difficult task of chaperoning the entire organization.

CHAPTER TWO. The Sophomore year is a singularly happy, carefree one. Freed of
THE CLASS LIVES UP TO worries and trying events of the Freshman year, we are not yet
ITS REPUTATION arrived at the wear and tear of the Junior and Senior years, when one wishes that there were at least twenty-five hours in every day. Sophs never realize what a snap they have until it is too late to enjoy it. We were represented on the championship football team of 1917 and on the basketball team of 1917-18. The class basketball team is made up of hard fighters, who are too light; so, the jinx keeps right on their trail. Just ask Professor Wal-drip or Mr. Scott about the success of our two class parties.

VOLUME III, 1918-19

CHAPTER ONE. Again 1920 returns to the Halls of Learning. But who would recog-
IN WHICH WE nize this group of upperclassmen as the same dizzy-headed, wobbly-
RETURN TO SCHOOL, kneed youngsters who entered in 1916? Who would think two years
ELECT OFFICERS, ETC. could make such a difference?

At the first class meeting the following officers are elected: William Schroeder, Pres.; Leo McNamara, Vice-Pres.; Marion White, Treas.; Albert Baskin, Sec'y; and Miss Rooke, Advisor.

CHAPTER TWO.
IN WHICH JUNIOR
BOYS FIND A
NEW OCCUPATION

The football season starts auspiciously with several Juniors in the line-up, when the heartless influenza arrives from Spain, putting an end to such matters and giving us a month's extra vacation. When school reopens, some of our Junior boys, feeling lost without the work they had through vacation, find a new way in which to spend their time. These young men, notably Bennett and Britton, call their new occupation by the graceful title of "Cootie Training." They claim this work is very pleasant and uplifting.

CHAPTER THREE.
THE YEAR ENDS IN A
BLAZE OF GLORY

The most elaborate undertaking attempted by any class up to this time is the Junior Vaudeville, which is pulled off in the Assembly Hall by 1920. Unsurpassable singing, interpretive dancing, and high-flyer gymnastic stunts, not to mention "My Son Arthur" and the jazz band, please a record-breaking crowd. Over two-hundred dollars are cleared, most of which goes for the benefit of our two little war orphans, but some is left for the coming Junior-Senior Prom. "Hardscrabble" is struggling for funds with which to make its first debut. Ah! the Juniors to the rescue! We are the first class to act as a unit, and advance fifty-one dollars (please note the one) to further the good cause. During this time the Junior basketball team under Captain McNamara loses its hoodoo and makes a good record. Then comes the great event of the year, the long awaited Junior-Senior Prom, held in Armory Hall. The hall is decorated in purple and white and blue and gold, which make a fitting background for the happy throng moving merrily over the smooth floor. The Prom is the crowning achievement of the Junior Class.

VOLUME IV, 1919-20

CHAPTER ONE. Seniors! What a wonderful feeling. Something between joy and sorrow, with **WE ARE** sorrow often uppermost. Sorrow, because one hates to leave the school where **SENIORS** he has worked and played and enjoyed life for four long years. But here we are, and we decide to make the most of our last year. To help us in making good this determination we choose the following class officers: Edwin Griswold, Pres.; Harry Britton, Vice-Pres.; Edith Huggans, Sec'y; and Philip Saunders, Treas; with Miss Cornelius and Mr. Waldrip to assist as advisors. First upon our schedule, Senior Dramatics is organized with Marion White, Pres., Pauline Ieuter, Vice-Pres., and Marjorie Archer, Sec'y-Treas. A program and good time is had by this club every two weeks. On the occasion of Washington's birthday the club put on a double-play program before the school. Much talent has been found which promises well for the class play.

CHAPTER TWO. The Senior Dramatic Club has an indoor picnic for the purpose of getting **MISCELLANEOUS** together and becoming more united. Lunch is served by the girls, speeches are made by several members of the class and the faculty, and the boys buckle in and help wash the dishes. A jolly time follows in the gym. When the question of having an annual this year comes up, "Hardscrabble" finds ready support by 1920. The Seniors are all ready to keep up the good work started by the determined members of last year's graduating class, and to surpass their efforts, if possible.

It has been a busy year, but the busiest season still lies ahead. Soon we Seniors expect to give a matinee dance, and later a good-bye party. Then comes the Juniors' Prom in our honor and finally Commencement Week and then "Good-bye, Old School."

CHAPTER THREE. "1920" has been a great class. Not in numbers, for we have the smallest **IN CONCLUSION** class Streater High has turned out in several years, but in brains, pep, and aggressiveness we make up for what we lack in numbers. A glance at the class roll will tell the reason why. There is not a name there but would lend honor and prominence to any class. It is to this sort of members that the Senior Class owes its present place in the sun, and when we leave Streater High forever next June, we will be glad we have stayed to the end with the Good Old Class of '20.

Ralph Campbell '20.

MADAME AND THE CLASS OF TWENTY

As I sat in the luxuriant office of Madame Knowallski, in New York City, listening to all I had been, was, or ever would be, I thought of the Class of Twenty of dear old S. H. S.; so I said to this brilliant, masterful lady: "Madame, is it within your power to tell me of my class? Where they are and what they are doing? It has been several years since we graduated and—did you ever have a longing, as if to see an old friend? (She nodded). Well, that is the state of mind I am in now. I have thought much about my classmates in the last few days—what can you tell me of them?"

"Lady," said she, "you ask a difficult question, but if you will bear with me, I will endeavor to satisfy your longings."

For a long time she said nothing, and I said nothing, as she seemed to be in deep thought, and I would have done anything rather than disturb her. At times I wished I could be anywhere but in her weird presence. Her jewels shone on me as if they were that many devils' eyes. The whole room seemed mysterious. (I don't suppose I left my imagination at home.)

"Yes, Madame," replied I, somewhat relieved of my ghastly feeling.

"Poor Mr. Rinker," she continued, "has these several years, been gray; he has only thought of the solution of the chemical equation for the change of Lot's wife into salt."

"Why don't he get a divorce?" exclaimed I.

"O, no, no, dear lady, you misunderstand. His only love is still Physics and Chemistry."

"Miss Ethel Brown," she continued, "is head of the English department at your beloved school. Speaking of school teachers, I see Frances Fabina is principal at Kangley, and poor Martha Holliday struggled so hard to escape the usual destiny of her family, but fate put her in the Mud Lane School."

Suddenly we were interrupted by an unusual sound coming from the street; we both rushed to the window, and whom should we behold but J. Edwin Griswold, President of our own United States? Madame seemed almost human when she exclaimed, "Our bachelor president!"

"O, it's Ed, Ed," I cried, "How I should like to see him." I realized it would be impossible in the immense crowd, so we settled ourselves to a tenser quietude than before.

O, if she just didn't have so many horrid jewels, thought I, and if she would only talk. Being in her presence wasn't half so trying when she talked; that weird stillness played upon my nerves, I guess. But the suspense wasn't for long, as she soon continued:

"Marion White and Burdett Atwood run the president's aeroplane. It is of course a magnificent affair, known as the "Blue Bird." The cab has a carrying capacity of ten people and is upholstered in blue velvet. Marion is the pilotess and a grand one too, with those sharp eagle eyes of hers. Burdett is the cab-lady and is surely attractive in her little blue uniform."

"O, how lovely!" cried I, "and—"

"And Ruth Missel applies the President's daily Marcel, Ruth Johnson designs his clothes, Marion Clemons keeps his nails in perfect order, while Lois Huggans manages his social correspondence. One social secretary is inadequate, so she is assisted by her charming little niece Edith, and Eunice Perry. Agnes Willey is his chauffeuse, and Mary Williams his butleress."

"Yes, yes, go on," I said in a breath. "Edith Sprague and Marjorie Robb are his dietitians and oversee the White House cooking."

"Any more?" questioned I (She shook her head). I sighed and said, "How long do you suppose he will remain a bachelor president?" This drew a slight smile from her set face.

"William Schroeder," said she, "is head of the meat trust, as he has discovered a process for the extraction of pork from pig-iron. Among the many employees in his office, I see Sarah Kirk at the wireless telephone, over which prices are sent. Ruby Roberts politely escorts visitors into the office, and is equally as efficient with a little speech to turn them away."

"Ruby always could talk," I interrupted and received a "be-quiet" look.

"At present," she said, "Helen Conroy and Clara Goebel are working hard for a patent on the manufacture of White Lamp-Black."

"And of course that will mean a fortune for them," I said, not being able to resist the temptation of talking once in a while.

"Isabelle McCord is a very successful nurse in the Cook County Hospital. Just now she's nursing Emma Hocking and Irene Liptak back to health. They had quite a serious accident while out riding, last Sunday, in Emma's monoplane."

"And what else do Irene and Emma do beside ride in aeroplanes?"

"Well, my dear lady," said she, "it seems impossible, just now to get further information concerning the exact occupation they follow, however, they seem to be surrounded with all the comforts of life. Miss McCord suggested that they go out west to the Snake River Valley for recuperation. The Sabo sisters, Anna and Mary, have a sunflower farm there.

"William Reed and Hector Beard—"

"You need say no more concerning them. I know their success as Mutt and Jeff."

"Their fame is national; who wouldn't?" she replied, her dignity somewhat hurt.

"And John Breen," she continued.

"O," I exclaimed, "every one knows he's our ambassador to Ireland."

"And I presume you also know that Ed. Mohan is his secretary and John Rohan his luggage man," was the sarcastic reply.

I was just about ready to go, but Madame was getting a little too interesting. But they say curiosity killed a cat and had I been a cat, I suppose I would have long since been dead.

"You have heard of the Cornell Concert Company?" Madame questioned (I shook my head, rather subdued). It is composed of: Roma Sexton, reader; Mildred Barackman, pianist; Sherman Bennett, impersonator; Harold Burton, violinist; and James Carswell, business manager."

"Some company!" I exclaimed, "My, what fame must be theirs."

"Madame, where are Harry and Pauline? One used to hear so much about them back in High?"

"My dear," said she vaguely, "I see a triangle—a love triangle—composed of Harry, Bessie Stowe, and Arthur Shaw. Bessie seems to be deciding which will make the better husband, while poor Pauline's heart strings are in shatters."

"O, O, O!" I cried, "really I never!"

Of course, it was anything but necessary for her to tell me of Marjorie Archer's wonderful missionary work on the "roof of the world." I had read of it, Marjory's sunny smile couldn't help but lighten up the way of the

"You probably know," continued Madame, "the 'Pink Tea Room' down the street? It is managed by Wilma Hepler and Augusta. However, Augusta is such a movie fan that most of the responsibility rests on her. She put out candy known as 'Mrs. Jones' Home-made Candies,' I've been told a number of George Jones makes them."

"But why is it 'Mrs. Jones'?" questioned

"My dear lady, I presume it's for effect. I have another appointment at one and we have run five minutes over time now," she said.

"Well, if you feel that way about it, I'll go now—How much, Madame?"

And off I was after a two-hour "seance." As I rushed around the corner I encountered a man, wonderfully garbed—silk hat and all. My eyes met his, then looked away and looked back again. I had seen those eyes somewhere—where? They belonged to Philip Saunders! At the same moment, seemingly, he recognized me. This was a rare experience, to meet an old friend on busy Broadway. After having a most urgent invitation to dine with him at the Waldorf-Astoria and talk over old times, I accepted. As I stepped into his limousine, there was Leo McNamara lolling on the soft cushions. He, too, was dining with Phil that day. As we talked the conversation told me that Leo was a millionaire Sunday School teacher and Philip still in the banking business—in fact, controlling power in Wall Street. Seeing Phil made my thoughts wonder to Ella Muntz, so I asked him rather cautiously, "How is Ella?"

"O, Ella married another," said he, "and so did I."

As we rode along in the warm spring sunshine, I was attracted to a little shop, "The Cook-Lewis Bird Company."

"Yes," said Phil, "that's Audrey and Erma's. They handle parrots and the like. I understand Ada Keiffer is with them, conducting a prosperous (?) "Reed" work shop. Further down the street Frances McKenzie and Velma Wakey have a hat shop. There is quite a good deal of comment on 'he antique collection along' with their wide selection of modern millinery.

"Before I leave New York, I surely will visit them," I replied. "Leo, a new book you have?"

"Yes," replied Leo, "it's Florence Graves and Ralph Campbell's 'New American History.'"

"Some more old classmates," I replied. "Folks, I've had one interesting time today. I ran across a lady that tried to tell me, at my request of course, all about the Class of Twenty."

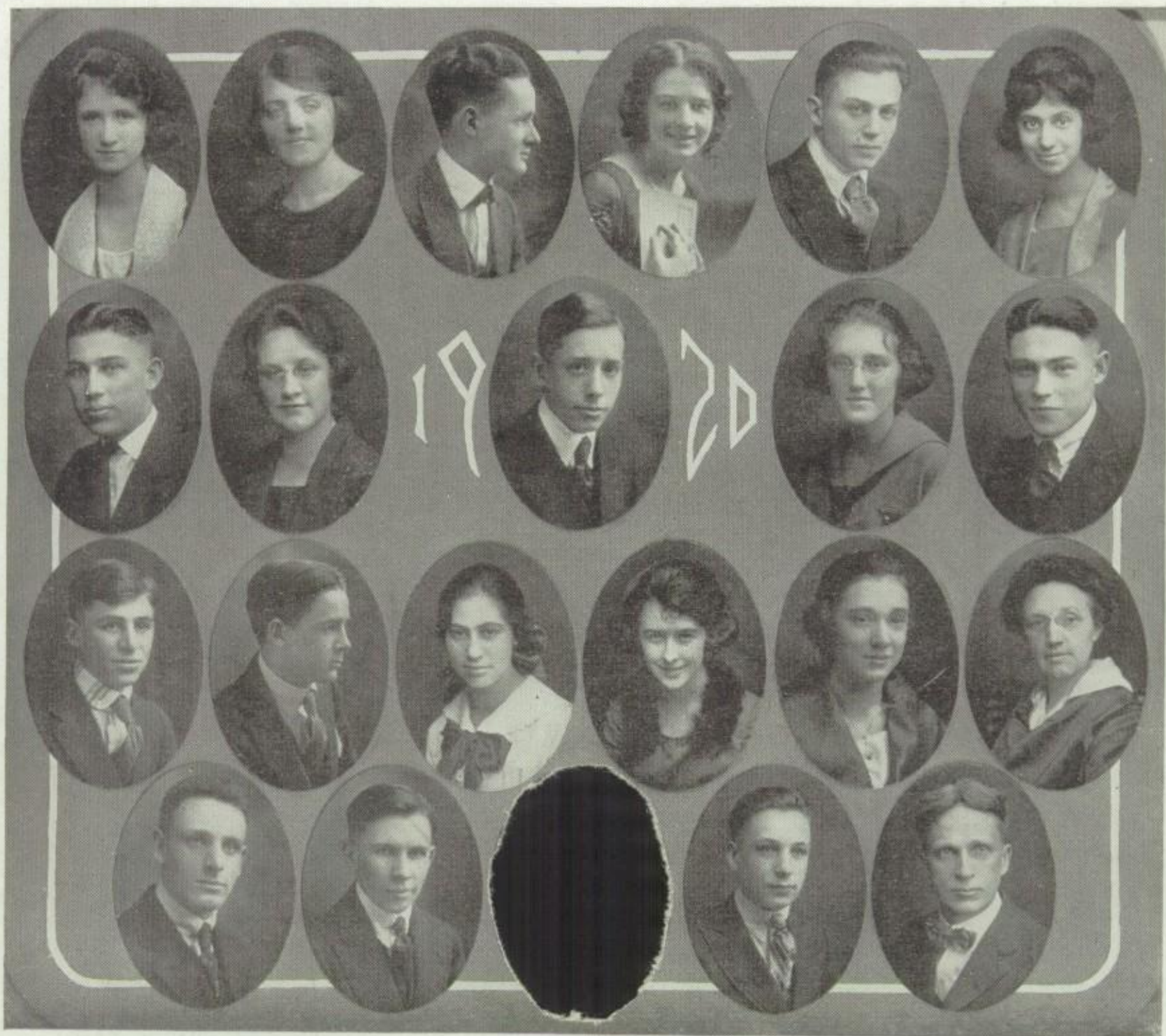
They gave me no rest till I told them every detail, during many laughs and "I doubt if that's so," etc.

"O folks!" cried I as my eyes caught a big electric sign reading, "Today Bertha Kimes in 'Love me—Love me not.' Is that our Bertha?"

"Yes," answered Leo, "she's a star in the movies now."

At last we came to our destination, and do you wonder that I was as hungry as a bear?

Goldah Coe, '20.



EDITH HUGGANS
Album Editor

JOHN BREEN
Joke Editor

RALPH CAMPBELL
Class Historian

BERTHA KIMES
Ass't Album Ed.

GOLDAH COE
Class Prophet

MARJORIE ARCHER
Class Poet

WILLIAM SCHROEDER
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PHILIP SAUNDERS, JR.
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EDWIN GRISWOLD
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MARION WHITE
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PAULINE IEUTER
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Photograph Mgr.

STANTON FOSTER
Asst. Subscription Mgr.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

AMERICANS!

Many centuries ago, young Americans, when independently starting life's journey, would steal quietly out of their silvan homes at early morn and plunge into the forest. They were gone to perform, alone, the feat that would prove them as capable of pursuing the remainder of their lives alone. Before that time their lives had been spent in preparation for this long-looked-for time when they could face the world by themselves; but then they stood apart, ready to prove that they were of value to their race. They were beset by fears, but the confidence in their training and the determination to make good overcame their weaknesses and they gloried in their trust.

In spite of the great changes in this land, the youth of modern America does not leave its apprenticeship of life in a manner unlike that of its predecessors. The boys and girls of today do not come so suddenly into that state of self-dependence, but the transition is no less surprising. However, the modern Americans leave more behind and have much more before them than the primeval Americans. They leave the accomplishments of the past that will serve as a foundation for the achievements of the future, as did their foregoers; but, they have all the world before them. Too, those of the present are beset with fears and are awed at the vastness, the bustle, and the trials of modern life, but do they lack in strength of mind, body, and spirit? They cannot at once do an act of exceptional prominence to place them among the successful, nor can they, now, grasp the nobler truths that make men truly great; so they will "carry on" and make ready for the time when they can take over the responsibility of the world's future.

The past was spent in learning, the present is spent in searching, and the future will be spent in doing. They will do things; bear life's burdens; help in the world's tasks. They will help carry on the great works of the present; develop them; enlarge them; and, make them beneficial to the world and posterity. As members of society (in the larger sense), they will be an active part in, not only the community in which they live, but also in the state and in the nation and in the world. They have devoted themselves to the advancing of those forces that tend to build up mankind. They have pledged that, wherever they take up their labors in this wide world, they will never cease to support and aid the right; never lose their willingness to face boldly that which is before them; never lose confidence in their training; nor forget the greater purpose. Just as their predecessors met their life, the modern young Americans are determined to meet their life, in all its phases, half-way; and trust in that Omnipotent Power that guides all.

CONCERNING THE HIGH SCHOOL

Daily the need for a new high school building is becoming greater. It is evident that that matter of such vital importance to the community is rapidly growing more ominous, and must be faced immediately. The longer this question is put off, the more serious it will be when it is squarely faced.

The conditions abounding in the present building are deplorable. The heating, lighting, and ventilating facilities are of a type that is not found in many Streater buildings. Because of the lack of these necessities, in good form, the school is decidedly uncomfortable and even unhealthy, especially so because of the crowded condition that has prevailed for the last four years. There are not enough rooms in the building to accommodate the corps of teachers that is necessary to do the work. The "Annex" has only one advantage, i. e., to relieve temporarily some of the burden, and it has, too, many disadvantages. With five hundred enrolled this year, the school has been taxed to the limit. Now with a small graduating class and the usual-sized incoming class, what can we do? Then very soon the Continuation School must be housed by the High School. Probably none realize the pressure on the school, and appreciate the everlasting diligence and patience of our principal and faculty more than we of '20, who caused the first pinch, and have since seen the situation develop to a state similar to that of the proverbial sardine can.

Then there are those facilities that in a more "flashy" fashion benefit the public; namely, the gymnasium and the auditorium. The "gym" because of its construction is of little real benefit

to our teams, which, as shown of late, are certainly deserving of the best. The auditorium, practically stageless, is barely capable in size of caring for the school's needs, to say nothing of the demands of outsiders. Both these very important factors of our school are sadly lacking, much to the loss not only of the school, but also of the many organizations dependent on the high school. Almost every evening in the week some part of the building is being used by some outside body.

All these things affect the city more than is generally believed. One of the most representative and important factors of a city is its educational system. Can this half—the high school—be neglected? It is a patriotic duty of every citizen to make young America the best America, but it can hardly be done with such tools as are now at hand. More, it is the duty of every man and woman to do his and her best to make every boy and girl the best that he and she can be. They owe it to this generation and to themselves. Just as much as every child should go to school, he should have a school building that can fit him for modern life. The child has a right to expect the right kind of school, and would be after a poor education if he didn't. As this old world is advancing, our high school is growing and the facilities must grow accordingly, in order that Streator Township High School can keep up her good work.

TO THE FACULTY

We have heard it said, as is the Principal and Faculty, so is the School. We believe this explains why Streator High is a superior school. "1920" wishes to acknowledge its debt of gratitude to a superior Faculty and a superior Principal.

BETTER ENGLISH WEEK AT HIGH SCHOOL

ASSEMBLY HALL—8:20

Monday, March 8

Song: "The Kerry Dance"-----	Mixed Glee Club
Talk: "Good English, Why and What?"-----	Miss White
Original Monologue, "The Hat of Other Days"-----	Frances McKenzie
Original Number, "Talented Tom"-----	{ Talker----- Harry Britton
	{ Illustrator----- Marion White

Tuesday, March 9

Speech, "Good English as a Business Asset"-----	Senator T. G. Essington
Song, Moore's "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms"-----	Girls' Glee Club
Declamation, Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia"-----	Elliott Smalley
Scene from Anthony Hope's "The Philosopher	{ The Philosopher----- William Price
in the Apple Orchard"-----	{ Miss May----- Helen Pirkey

Wednesday, March 10

Song, Tennyson's "Sweet and Low"-----	Ella Muntz and Margaret McAllister
Speech, "Words Are Things"-----	Mrs. Virginia B. LeRoy
Selections from Browning's Poems-----	Alice Sawyer
Original Paper, "The Verb Family"-----	Stewart Howe
Song, Burns' "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose"-----	Burdett Atwood
Declamation, Berton Braley's "The Thinker"-----	Leslie Archer

Thursday, March 11

Speech, "Good Speech as a Form of Patriotism"-----	Representative R. G. Soderstrom
Instrumental Number, "Lennette" by H. Benney Henton—Violin, Paul Lester; Saxophone, Donald Patterson; Xylophone, Francis Howland; Piano, Ione Ballard.	
Declamation, Watterson's "The New Americanism"-----	John Baer

Scene from Dickens "Bardell vs. Pickwick."

Mr. Justice Stareleigh.....Stanton Foster
Sergeant Buzfuz.....Joseph Fogarty
Mr. Skimpen.....Clark Lindsay
Mr. Phunky.....Bernard Tutwiller
Mr. Snubbin.....Fred Thornton
Mrs. Cluppins.....Lucille Voigts

Nathaniel Winkle.....Robert MacCallum
Sam Weller.....Houston Armstrong
Foreman of Jury.....Harvey Rinker
Court Crier.....Ralph Lewis
Mrs. Bardell.....Martha Gaut
Mr. Pickwick.....Lester Gill

Friday, March 12

Speech, "Good English as a Sign of a Good Mind".....Prof. Waldrip
Song, Ben Jonson's "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes".....Double Quartette
Original Narrative, "By the Sea".....Margaret Lanigan
Selection, "La Charmante" by Kurtz.....Orchestra

Graf records were kept [REDACTED] of the "Drive"
by the class critics being from [REDACTED] of common mistakes. The average was four mis-
takes daily in each class.

The school appreciates that not the least of the good things that the week-long emphasis on "Better English" has given is the willing co-operation of the public in trying to remedy the need for improved language. The students, the speakers, and the newspapers helped throughout the week and will continue to work for "Better English, Spoken, Written, and Read."

WIRELESS!

A new and very active activity which has sprung into being this winter has already reaped results—the wireless. The school, through two of our energetic students, has installed powerful new receiving and sending sets that cover a wide range. Messages can be received for over two thousand miles; sometimes the Arlington and New Orleans stations are heard. The sending set will cast out into the air messages for hundreds of miles. The equipment, developing fifty thousand volts, is stronger than any other outfit in the city. The operators, Lester Shaw and Robert McCallum, gain much satisfaction from their work since it has already materialized, for weather reports come regularly from Chicago and Springfield, and the time from the Great Lakes station, then there is the correspondence with other like stations within a radius of several hundred miles. By next fall the wireless work will be in full swing and real results will prove its worth.

Every effort has been made to show everyone's picture in our Annual, but in spite of all there has been one person left out, Miss Rogers, our domestic science teacher. Miss Rogers, at the time of the editing of the book, was seriously ill and the omission was unavoidable. Happily Miss Rogers is back now, doing the same fine work typical of her.

Although her picture appears among the classes, Dorothy Greener does not receive the attention due her. Her picture should appear among those of the Seniors—yes, she is a Senior now, having decided to graduate with "1920" after "Hardscrabble" work was done.

"Red" Daughterity, unavoidably, does not appear in the football picture, but who can forget the prowess of our doughty little end? Who does not wish to see again that little white helmet fringed with red dive into the melee or pull a pass out of the clouds or race between the goal posts?

OUR THANKS

The Senior Class, when it decided to put out an Annual this year, determined to make its book the best possible; moreover, every member of the class, the school, and all connected in any way with our work have done their utmost to make the "Hardscrabble" of 1920 a good second to the "Hardscrabble" of 1919. The Editor-in-Chief wishes to thank the staff, The Stauffer & Blosser Studio, and the Anderson Printing Co., for their hearty co-operation in the publishing of this second volume of "Hardscrabble."

Editor-in-Chief.



THE JUNIOR CLASS

WE PRESENT THE CLASS OF '21

Allow me to present to you the Junior Class, the CLASS OF 1921. Are you proud of it? I am.

I really believe '21 is the best class that ever graced the hall and corridors of old S. H. S. That's not putting things a bit strong! Yea, even mildly. It is the best class for four reasons; namely, its fine traits of character, its wonderful talents, its excellence in studies, and unbeatable record in athletics. Never before in the history of the school has such a class set up such a standard.

We, the Class of '21, assert that our parties have always been a success, even from the first one, a Hallowe'en party in 1917, which was more than run by upper classmen. Nevertheless we made the best of it. That is the way we took and will take all things that we meet on the road to success. Our numerous brainy and good-looking lassies are a great attribute to all the social events, and we guarantee that they will play the leading role in the glorious "Prom" we are going to offer the Seniors.

The Junior Class has not any John McCormacks, Fred Stones, Richard Carles, or Gall-Curcis, but it has some witty impersonators, talented musicians and real comedians, as was shown by the "Fads and Fancies," presented in 1919. (May we get a chance to show you again in the near future). The "Better English Week" brought out a few prospective orators that deserve remembering. Sum these facts up! They alone are more than enough to prove the superiority of the Junior Class. The world at present is progressing very rapidly and by the time the students of '21 get their diplomas and start their stride in the business world, the great men of the day will look like failures.

The League is Finished and We've Won Nine Rousing Cheers for '21

Yea, the Juniors won the trophy in the Class Basketball League. They finished the season with their percentage at 1,000. No other team in the history of S. H. S. basketball leagues has performed this feat. The Juniors do not like to boast of individual stars but if "Rus" and "Pat" were the only students in '21, it would be a great class at that. Rus Daugherty blazed the trail in football until injured and then came back and made the basketball with "Pat" as co-star on the all-star school team of the tourney. The coming track team will be spotted with Juniors, many of whom won medals last year. Next year's team will be made up mostly of '21's, so you see the school will not be lagging in athletics in 1921. So, as we were in the past, let us be in the future.

The class work of the Juniors has been very acceptable; at the same time '21 seems to be taking a prominent part in the school activities, which shows that "One can journey through life and live by the way."

OFFICERS

FIRST YEAR

Pres.—Leslie Goslin.
V. Pres.—Grace Poole.
Sec'y-Treas.—Arthur Jennett.
Class Advisor—Miss Linden.

SECOND YEAR

Pres.—Donald Patterson.
V. Pres.—Glen Daugherty.
Sec'y—Ella Muntz.
Treas.—Ione Ballard.
Class Advisor—Miss Linden.

THIRD YEAR

Pres.—James Brennan.
V. Pres.—Jessie Williams.
Sec'y—Josephine Kopf.
Treas.—George Nelson.
Class Advisor—Miss Llewellyn

Maurice Abrams '21



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

DOINGS OF THE SOPHS

OFFICERS

First Year

President—Virginia Crary.

Vice-Pres.—Oliver Goldsmith.

Sec'y-Treas.—Edgar Dicus.

Class Advisor—Miss Y.

Second Year

President—Irwin Cox.

Vice-Pres.—Mervil Comisky.

Sec'y-Treas.—Edgar Dicus.

Class Advisor—Miss Phillips.

CLASS COLORS

Blue and Gold

SOCIAL DOINGS

One of the biggest social events of this year occurred at Hallowe'en, when the Sophomore Class staged its masquerade party. That it was a huge success is not to be doubted. The music furnished by "Jack's" orchestra, was exceptionally good and every one was pleased. The gymnasium was decorated in black and yellow, the good old Hallowe'en colors. Favors were distributed during the evening. The Class of Twenty-Two certainly lived up to the record it established when it gave its first party as Freshmen.

ATHLETIC DOINGS

Although during our Freshmen year our class basketball team did not win a game, even from the Juniors of last year, we made up for it by coming out second in the class league this year, winning every game except those played with the Juniors. Gus Weber, our coach, even though busy with his varsity work, certainly did his coaching well. We hope Gus will be with us next year. Although the "Sophs" were not represented on the varsity basketball squad, we placed one man on the varsity football team, the quarter-back.

FUTURE DOINGS

As stated in "Hardscrabble" of last year, "Our eyes are fixed on a common goal, an ideal class," and we shall reach that goal.

'22

Behind us lies our Freshman year
With all its weight of woe.
Our Soph'more year has, too, gone by;
Just see how much we know!
Before us loom two big years,
When, as upperclassmen, we
Shall honor bring to Our Old High.
We'll do it! Watch and see!

Edgar Dicus '22.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

23's QUESTION BOX

Did we come, see, and conquer that day in September of the year nineteen hundred nineteen? One Hundred twenty-five strong we were welcomed to the classrooms and corridors, knowing little of the rules of Streater High.

Did we have some bitter experiences before the year was over? Ah! yes, bitter experiences they were, but we were meek and mild and took our lessons with never a whimper altho' it was not so nice to have an eighth period for coming to class without a pencil. Before that year was over we learned not to walk too hard on our heels in the assembly, not to come in at 8:19 o'clock, and beware of bluffing.

Did the upperclassmen have some nice pet names for us? The Juniors called us "cooties" and a lot of other names which we had to grin and bear to show that we were game.

Were we the only ones to learn lessons? If you think that, change your mind. The upperclassmen had their fill. When they saw some of us new Freshies getting E's in Latin they thought it was almost time for them to take a course in "Study."

Did we lack in social standing? I should say not! We showed our tormentors that looks are sometimes deceiving, on that eventful evening of the Freshie party when our colors of purple and gold draped the gymnasium.

Have we some talent in our class? Why doubt it. We have a goodly number of musicians in the Orchestra. We also showed still another kind of ability in the programs of "Better English Week."

How about basketball? Have we some stars in our class? No, we didn't star in basketball; but we tried, made a fairly good showing, and proved that we were good losers. Freshies played in several of the big football games, too.

Summing it all up don't you think it's the best class? No? Well, naturally yours is the best to you, and so think we of ours. To say that we are proud does not begin to express our feelings. We are just overflowing with class and school spirit. We are going to stick together and help each other over the remaining struggles as we have done over those we have already conquered so successfully.

So from the above facts can it not plainly be seen that we, under the leadership of our president, Fred Thornton, our vice-president, Alice Sawyer, our secretary-treasurer, George Lynch, and our efficient advisor, Mr. Dale, are making the class of '23 a brilliant success? Think twice before you speak and then without a doubt you will answer yes.

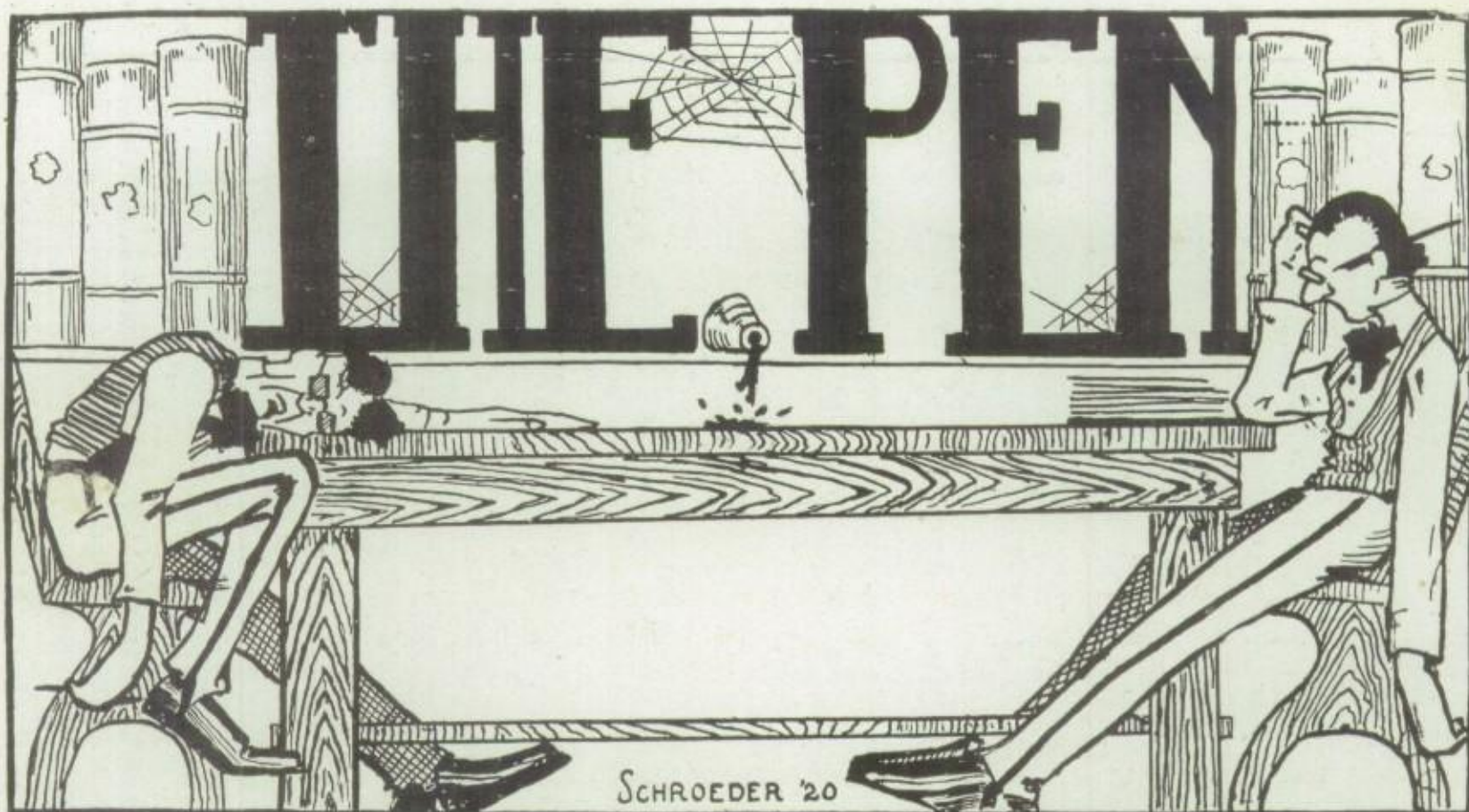
Mildred Abrams '23.

TO TWENTY-THREE

Hurrah for the class!
That mighty class;
The class of "Twenty-Three!"
Three cheers for the dear old purple and gold!
Three cheers for its loyalty!
O, purple and gold,
Our love you hold.

Time will come, and time will pass,
But still we stand for our dear old class,
The one that is so loyal and free.
The mighty class of "Twenty-Three."

Nona Bargreen '23



EDITOR—MARION WHITE '20

SLATS

He wasn't one of those graceful, clean-limbed dogs that we would expect to be the hero of a story; on the contrary, he happened to be just an ordinary, homely cur who responded to the appellation of "Slats." That he was insignificant there is no denial, but that a great heart in his little body yearned for friendship was only too evident to the greater heroes who afterwards honored him. He was—well, after all, he was only Slats.

All night long the great howitzers barked their death challenge to the world; all night the ground trembled and reverberated to the roar of the guns; all night the infernal devices of the war-racked brain illuminated the heavens and murdered innocents by the thousands. Behind the lines in the darkness, begrimed, sweating men pushed another giant explosive into the breach and again hell reigned supreme. In the first line trenches, in water up to their knees, the nerve-strained soldiers waited quietly for the signal. In the dugouts, the officers leaned over the instruments, breathless, listening, for the telephonic orders for action. In the homes, the defenseless prayed to the Saviour that the lines might hold and France be spared.

The forty-fourth division in C sector was hopelessly trapped. A delay in the order to retreat had prevented its withdrawal in time, and now inevitable death faced it. At no time did men await death more quietly and uncomplainingly; at no time was the commanding officer more composed or vigilant. He knew they could be saved if the enemy revealed its position, but the night was dark and the Imperial forces had purposely refrained from firing. Fate, ruse, or a chance might save them, but he knew that that chance was one thousand to one. And then Slats wandered into the turmoil.

He had come from God knows where, that dirty little dog. He didn't have a friend in the world, but there wasn't a thing he wouldn't do to get one. Solemnly he watched the care-worn faces of the men, and then with an almost human instinct he divined the truth of the situation. There wasn't a thing he wouldn't do, and with a sharp yelp he darted across the open trenches. Instantly the German mausers cracked. Providence had revealed to the men of the 44th the position of the enemy and instantly they opened fire in the direction of the rifle shots. It was soon over.

But there in "No Man's Land," in a quiet little heap, lay a limp figure, riddled with bullets. There wasn't a thing Slats wouldn't do and he had done what he could.

William Schroeder '20.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Seniors, do you realize that your graduation is one of the main episodes in the story of your life? Now, what are you going to do? Will your story be one of fulfilled ambitions and success, or will it tell of wasted opportunities, duty shirked, and little achievement? Let us do our part for the advancement of humanity in such a way that, when years have passed, we shall not look backward with sad regrets for things not done when the time was at hand, excuses fashioned which somehow never relieved our consciences. Let each and every one of us, the Class of Nineteen Twenty, fill his or her niche, however small or unimportant, so well that people will say, "There is one who is doing his share." Is it not just as easy to deceive one's self as to deceive any one else, and is it not just as often done? Let us be fair and square with ourselves; then, we cannot be otherwise toward the world. As we struggle upward, let us remember what we owe to those who here at Streator Township High School gave us our first big inspirations, our teachers and our principal.—Ruth Missel '20.

SAMANTHY SMITH'S RETURN

The old gate creaked loudly on its rusty hinges as Mrs. Swift, the village gossip, hurriedly opened it and ran up the gravel walk to the little shop.

Inside the shop, old Mrs. Parker was carefully wrapping a loaf of bread for little Tommy Simpkins. She looked up with a broad smile on her pleasant face as the door opened, but she knew before she saw the excited woman standing in the doorway that no one but Mrs. Swift ever came in such a hurry at that early hour, and she also knew that Mrs. Swift had some news. But whether her news was as exciting as her bright eyes and panting breath implied no one could ever tell until he had heard it, often the more excited Mrs. Swift appeared to be, the less exciting her news was.

Mrs. Parker passed the loaf of bread across the counter to Tommy and then turned her attention to Mrs. Swift, who had seated herself on the only chair the little store contained.

"Good morning, Sally," said Mrs. Parker quietly.

"Land sakes! Mis' Parker, haven't you heard the news yet?"

"Well, no, Sally, I haven't heard anything particularly exciting since yesterday when you came in to tell me about Ned Robinson breaking his arm. Has something terrible happened? What is it?"

"Now, give me time to get my breath, Mis' Parker, before you begin asking questions. Oh dear! you never heard anything like it in all your life," she panted indignantly.

"Well?" questioned Mrs. Parker patiently.

"The idea! I'd be ashamed to show my face in this town again, if I was that girl."

"Is that so?" Mrs. Parker again asked.

"Oh! land sakes, I haven't told you what it is yet, have I? Well, it's this—now prepare yourself for a big su'prise—Samanthy Smith is coming home for a visit!"

"You don't say! And who is Samanthly Smith, Sally?"

"There! I clean forgot that you just came here five years ago. Well, Samanthly Smith ran away from here eight years ago when she was only sixteen, and she went on the stage. Just think—the stage! And she changed her name to—to—Lolita Llowell, or some such crazy thing. Just think of that!"

"Well, Sally, you could hardly blame her for changing a name like that. I would have done the same thing, if I had been in her place."

"I suppose you're right about that, Mis' Parker, but anyway, Mis' Smith got a letter yesterday saying Samanthly would be home today. Everybody liked her when she was just a little girl, but she must be changed now. They always change after they go on the stage. She'll be all painted up, of course,—and bold—of course she'll be bold; all actresses are. Oh well, it's not any of my business and I don't intend to make it so. Good-bye, Mis' Parker," and she was gone as suddenly as she had come.

For two days Mrs. Swift was not seen in the little shop. Then, on the morning of the third day, she again entered, breathless as usual. This time she came to buy some spices, but after she had paid for them, her real errand was disclosed.

"I'm goin' to have company for dinner, Mis' Parker, and you can never guess who it is!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Well, it's Samantha Smith, the one I was tellin' you about the other day. Haven't you seen her? She's just too sweet for anything—and pretty—you never saw a prettier sight in all your life. Besides, she's not a bit bold like most actresses are. She's goin' back to the city next month and has already signed a contract to play the leading part in one of the latest plays on—on—Broadway, I believe she said. Just think, Mis' Parker!—and she's from our little town—born and raised here. But then, I always said that girl would be famous some day. Land sakes! how time does fly. It's ten o'clock and here I stand. I'll never get that spice cake baked today. Well, good-bye, Mis' Parker," and she was gone before Mrs. Parker could answer.—Cecile Bane '20.

CUTS AND GRINDS

- Mr. Wa-d--p: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."
 M-ss W-it-: "To know her is a liberal education."
 Mis- T-o-t: "Linked sweetness, long drawn out."
 M-s- Sh-op: "She has a face like a benediction."
 Mi-s L--is: "So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long."
 Mr. D-le: "Not in the roll of common men."
 M--s M-cCal---: "Elle a le don les languees."
 Mi-s H--eyw--l: "Mindful not of herself."
 M-s- Be--eh-ff: "A willful rosebud, set about with thorns."
 Mis- R-ber-s: "A geometrical figure indeed in length."
 Mi-- Cr--sy: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
 M-ss L-rg-nt: "The wonder grew that one small head could carry all she knew."
 Mis- K-ats: "Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."
 M--s L-ew-l-n: "The Streator High School Encyclopedia of Advice."
 M-s- Co-n-e-l-us: "Infinite riches in a little room."
 Mi-s Ph--l-ps: "A favorite among many."
 M-s- Fe-g-so-: "Deeds not words."
 Mr. Fi--h-m: "Who enters here, leaves hope behind."
 Mis- W--ll-y: "One vast substantial smile."
 Mr. S--tt: "What I don't know wouldn't make a small primer."
 M--s R-ge-s: "Kindness personified."
 M-ss M-ckl-m: "Not much talk—a great still silence."
 Mi-- L-w: "Some are born great."—Linda Fisher '21.

STUDENTS' FIVE COMMANDMENTS

- I. Thou shalt not kill (by knocking) all of thy neighbors' school spirit, nor the games and the price of admission.
- II. Thou shalt not chew gum during thy class unless thou providest the whole room.
- III. Thou shalt not use thy teacher's name in vain and if thou dost not get thy credit, thou must smile sweetly unto the giver of cards, and think that such are they that enter the Kingdom of Heaven.
- IV. Thou shalt not help thyself to thy neighbor's books, etc., even if thou recognizest them as thine.
- V. Thou shalt not ask to speak when thou really wishest to gossip.—Stewart Howe '23.

JUST LIFE

A crowd of boys and girls was assembled one evening in the spacious living-room of the Forrest home. To the casual onlooker, they were just a mirthful group of boys and girls of the high school age; to their mothers and fathers they were just their children, grown tall over night; to themselves they were men and women of the world, philosophizing on life and inclined to look on Age in a half-sympathetic, half-scornful manner.

The express purpose of the little gathering this evening was to organize a club whose aim, as Jack Forrest, the ring-leader of the crowd, had rather indefinitely stated, was "to study the higher things of life." As Jack was the originator of the scheme he was presiding over the discussion which was taking place.

Beth Hardin, the pretty little blonde whom Jack especially admired, was speaking in her clear young voice. The question was what course of study the newly organized society would pursue. Beth explained that she deemed it necessary to have a strictly outlined plan; while Alice Parker, whom her classmates termed "so dreamy and romantic looking," thought that more original ideas would be given if each member just gave a little talk at each meeting on the "higher things of life" which were then upper-most in his or her mind. Jack, noting that the discussion was becoming, as he would have termed it, "rather warm," said, "Well, I don't think it makes much difference whether we have an outlined course or not. After all it's just the mystery of life and the higher things that we want to study." Then he added in a hushed, serious tone, "Life is so mysterious, isn't it?" Then almost in the same breath, but in a decided change of tone, "There's mother with the eats. Mother, you're a brick."

Mrs. Forrest entered and bade her son's guests partake of the substantial refreshments that she had prepared. With the appearance of the "eats" the whole attitude of the members of the lofty organization changed and they became just a laughing group of boys and girls.

At ten-thirty Mrs. Forrest reminded the merry-makers that each and every one of them had to go to school the next day and, although she didn't wish to send them home, she thought the hour was rather late. Jack was just a little insulted at this gentle reminder. Of course mother was a good sport, he reasoned to himself, but she needn't have treated his friends as though they were a crowd of six-year-olds.

When Jack prepared to depart with Beth, and the rest of the crowd, his mother insisted that he wear his over-coat and carry an umbrella, as a heavy spring down-pour had set in. Jack rather felt this was adding injury to insult, but he submitted rather than make a scene. It was certainly too bad that mother couldn't realize that he was a man. Now Beth's mother didn't treat her that way.

Beth and Jack walked slowly and talked earnestly, not heeding the steady rain-fall.

When Beth arrived home her mother, who had been anxiously awaiting her, literally slammed the door in Jack's face, took Beth to her room and administered, as Elizabeth expressed it, "every imaginable sort of medicine she had ever heard of." Beth reasoned to herself that it was a shame that mother couldn't realize that she was no longer a baby who caught a severe cold every time she got a little damp. Now, Jack's mother didn't treat him that way.

"Oh! well," she decided, "it's just life," and Jack, thinking over the occurrences of the evening, said to himself, "It's just life."—Audrey Cook '20.

SENIORS

Stand by your promises.

Earnest study is the price of graduation.

No one should shirk his classes.

Inspiration is nine tenths perspiration.

Only ambition is the key to success.

Remember the ounce of prevention.

Stone walls do not make a prison.—Bertha Kimes '20.

A FEW POPULAR PIECES AT S. H. S.

Erma Lewis:—"Everyone was meant for someone."
 Burdett Atwood:—"Jazz baby."
 Velma Wakey and Marjorie Robb:—"How you gonna keep them down on the farm?"
 Ella Muntz:—"Oh, stop rolling your eyes!"
 Edith and Lois Huggans:—"Oh, what a pal was Mary(ion)."
 Sherman Bennett:—"I'm forever blowing bubbles."
 Laura Peterson:—"I want to go back on a farm."
 Harry Britton:—"I love you truly."
 John Breen:—"Just as I am."
 Marjorie Archer:—"When we went to Sunday School."
 Pauline Ieuter:—"The Vamp."
 Hector Beard:—"I might be here once in a while."
 Philip Saunders:—"He knows it all."
 Edwin Griswold:—"Oh! for a thousand tongues."
 Edward Mohan:—"Pass me not."
 Audrey Cook:—"There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl."
 William Reed:—"They always, always pick on me."
 Ruth Johnson:—"Naughty, naughty, naughty."—Clara Goebel '20.

A STRANGE HOST

While visiting my uncle in Montana during a summer Holliday, we chanced upon a weird hermit. In a search for some missing horses, we met this person At(a)wood in the mountains. At first sight, he reminded me of an Archer from the old Robin Hood stories, because of the bow which he carried. He had a "Grizz" (ly), White Beard and wore a ragged, Brown cloak.

As our strange host was in a conversational mood, our curiosity prompted us to ask him to tell us of his past life and how he chanced to be in this lonely place. Settling himself comfortably on a large rock, he Kmetz to tell his story.

"My name is Leo Campbell and I was born in Kirk, Scotland. Later, my father having become bankrupt, we moved to Sabo-ville where he had obtained the position of Sexton in the village church. This town was situated on the Kimes river where I was employed as a Rohan(d).

"After the death of my beloved parents and dear brother, Willey, I set out to make my fortune, deciding to come to America as a Stowe-away on the steamer "Bennett." I worked in Perry, N. J., for a while, but made little advancement. Later, I entered the army and was ordered to the Missell Barack-(man).

"After ten years of faithful service, I became weary of this military life and decided to take up a claim in Montana. When I had accumulated a neat sum of Gold(ah), some highwaymen Robb-ed and injured me badly. I was taken to my neighbor, Roberts, whose daughter Pauline nursed me back to health. She often would Reed to me and, in fact, proved such a delightful Reeder, that I became infatuated with her. She promised to marry me, but proved false, running away with a bashful bachelor named Britton.

I lost faith with the world and thot all fates were averse to me. I wandered for years thru the country, living consecutively at Burton-ville, Jones-dale, and Sprague. Unable to remain in any of these places, I gradually sank deeper and deeper into the lowest depths of degradation and despair, until I became a hermit."

This poor unfortunate had moved us to such an extent that when he invited us to visit his Hausenkamp(er), we could not refuse. He asked to stay for lunch, as we had been the first persons he had happened to see for a long time, and he had become lonely for some human being to converse with. He Cook(ed) us a light repast of Snyder's pork and beans, Mohan's best bacon, and refreshed us with (C)lemon(ade).

As it was growing late, we gave up the search for the horses and bade the old man farewell, confident that we would never forget our queer host of the woods.—Edith Huggans '20.

"OUT OF SCHOOL LIFE INTO LIFE'S SCHOOL"

Why should the Seniors be sad and glum? They shouldn't. But how could anyone help but feel a trifle blue when the end of school life is so near at hand?

"Out of school life into Life's school." How true that is. We started our High School career as insignificant "Freshies." How proud we were to be of the many at dear old S. H. S. We were diligent then. Fear was a bugbear which haunted us. If we didn't study our lessons, oh—. If our written work wasn't handed in on time, oh—, and, horror of horrors, if we should fail! To relieve all of this monotony we had "parties" where for a while we would play games, then, when music would start up, a few girls would timidly begin to dance while the boys lined up against the wall. All this, and then we were "silly Sophomores," and then studious Juniors—studious because we didn't want to study as Seniors.

And now we are Seniors! As lower classmen how we had longed for this day, but now that it has arrived we are more saddened than elated. Our happy-go-lucky days are nearly at an end and we are soon to be thrown upon our own resources. It seems a woebegone world to us now. At last we realize that we know little and that the best friends we ever had are the teachers who made us study.

"Out of school life into Life's school."—Frances McKenzie '20.

SOME S. H. S. PRETTY PROFITABLE PROVERBS

1. A "buck" in the bank, is worth six in Proud's.
2. Lock your desk after the filler-paper is stolen.
3. Never write a theme till you have to.
4. It's a hard job to teach an old Senior new tricks in basketball.
5. He's worth his weight in eighth periods—Martin Davidson.
6. Where there is a Will there is a Bill.
7. Don't count your credits before they are hatched.
8. Great Seniors from little Freshies grow.—Ted Taylor '21.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Dorothy Bennallack announces an E in English for the last quarter.

Martha Gaut announces her sincere intentions of being an old maid. All men act accordingly, please.

Lester Shaw and Gilbert Ahlgren are engaged as entertainers for the Junior girls. Don't bother them, they are busy.

Fred Thornton is engaged—forever and ever to his saxophone.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ieuter announce the engagement of their daughter—oh you know the rest.

The Staff is engaged to "Hardscrabble."

Lester Gill is engaged in breaking down platforms, etcetera.

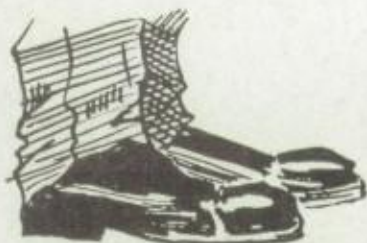
Don and Rus are engaged in stardom.

Do you, George Sopher, wish to have it formally announced?—Grace Pool '21.

THUM THENIORS IN THE THIRTIES



AS AN EXTENSION BRIDGE
OVER THE VERMILLION,
SAUNDER'S FACE WILL BE
APPROPRIATE.



CARSWELL'S FEET
WILL BE USED AS A
STREET ROLLER



SCIENTISTS CON-
SIDER HECTOR
THE GREATEST
PHENOMENON.



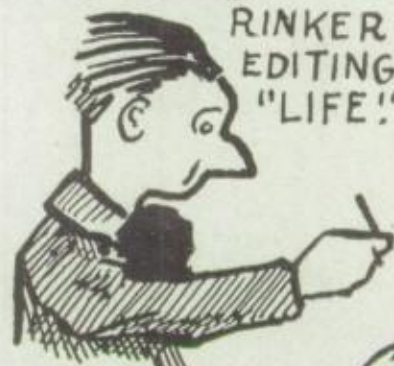
BENNETT HAS
BEEN EMPLOYED
BY MART
HAFFNER &
SHARX AS H
MODEL FOR
POSTERS.



"MAC"
WILL BE
EGYPT'S
GREATEST
BALLET
EXPONENT.



SHAW IS SORTING NUTS.



RINKER IS
EDITING
"LIFE!"

"GRIZZ" IS NOW
WARDEN OF THE
STATISTIC-CRAZED
CROWD.

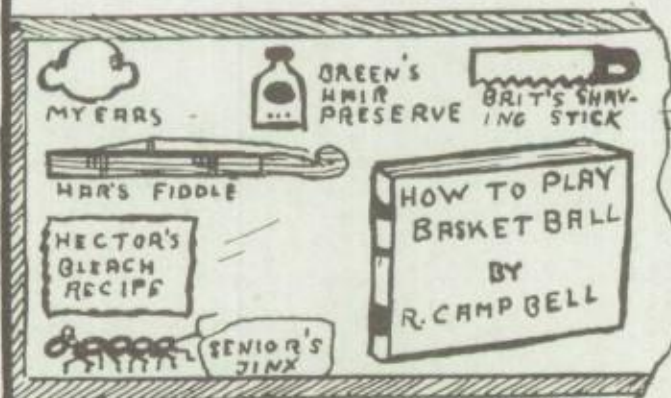
chroeder-'20



MOHAN IS TEACHING
THE RURAL INSECTS
THE LATEST DANCES.



REED WILL HOLD UP
THE SINGER BUILD-
ING IN A STORM.



LEFT IN THE TROPHY CASE.

THE PEASANT GIRL

The great red sun rose over the horizon, beginning to burst into the wonderful, golden radiance which would soon bring life to another day. The birds were twittering in the nearby bushes that were covered with multi-colored, gleaming dewdrops.

Jeanne, in the coarse blue gingham dress of a French peasant girl, was already hard at work in the field. The soft tendrils of hair caressed her rosy cheeks and smiling profile. Jeanne, leaning on her hoe occasionally and drinking in the beauty of the morning, was dreaming of another world, a world where all was not hard labor.

One day came a call for volunteers to care for the wounded soldiers of her beloved France. Jeanne volunteered, and proved so faithful a worker that she soon became the life and cheer of the hospital in which she was stationed.

Then came Guy, a wounded American soldier, whom she nursed back to health. Then came a love that was stronger than iron bonds, and Jeanne was made a happy American bride, and after a long journey she was made a happy American citizen.—Augusta Hasenkamper '20.

MY PLEA

O, Mr. Professor, won't you please revive that ancient custom? What ancient custom, you ask? Why that of ringing the old iron bell. You really don't know how much it means to us; not only to the high and mighty Seniors, flighty Juniors, dense Sophomores, but to the poor little insignificant Freshmen as well. Pity them and ring that bell again. Oh! sir, it has saved me many a morning, as I hurried from my abode through the chilliness of a frosty air. As I hurried, breathless, flurried, and excited, the old bell would peal forth the early hour of eight. Oh! it was a grand and glorious feeling. I could walk leisurely and collect my scattered breath. To hear that clang! clang! clang! why, Mr. Professor, it was music to my ears. I know poor Mr. Butcher misses that light daily task. Take my advice, give a belated Christmas present to the rest of "the learned tribe" we Seniors are leaving behind us; namely, the Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors. Oh! Mr. Waldrip, kind Mr. Waldrip! won't you ring that old bell again?

Sarah Kirk '20.

MEDLEY

Sahara, we sympathize with you, Sahara, we'll soon be dry like—The old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket that hung in the—Beautiful garden of roses, kissed by the—Old gray mare ain't what he used to be, what he used to be—When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip and I wore a—Smile all the while like—K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy, you're the only—Girl of my moonlight dreams dear, I'm waiting just for you, to—Bring back those dear old days of childhood, won't you—Turn down the universe and bring back yesterday—When you and I were young, Maggie—In old Virginny, the place where I was—Floating down the Mississippi River on my way—Down south in the land of cotton—Down by the old mill stream, where I first met—Mammy o' mine below—The long, long trail a winding into the land of my dreams where—I hear the gentle voices calling—Hail, Hail, the gang's all—Got the blues, they've got the blues, they—Keep the home fires burning while—The moon shines bright on my—Little old ford, it rattled right along—Way down upon the Swanee River—Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, be it ever so humble there's no place like—

Streator High will shine tonight,
Streator High will shine,
When the sun goes down and the moon comes up,
Streator High will shine.—Leona Bakalar '23.

POETS' CORNER

GUM

Seated one day in the assembly,
I was weary and wanted to stop,
And my pen point wandered idly
Over my desk's smooth top.
I knew not what I was writing,
Nor of whom I was dreaming then;
But I heard a voice in the distance,
Like the sound of a great Amen!
The footsteps drew nearer and nearer,
A voice in the distance said, "Come,"
And I walked to the front to the platform,
And got rid of two sticks of gum.—Harriet Evars, 22.

THE TEAM

Weibus gotibus
Goodibus team.
Likibus muchibus;
For them we scream.
Likibus muchibus,
Fightibus hard,
Winibus gamibus
Likibus sliding on lard.—Vernon Schaefer '22.

THE SONG OF THE WIND

Aho! how I blow!
Aho! how I go!
A whistling, a whirling,
A twisting, a twirling,
I dash through the valleys,
And over the hills.
I leap over mountains,
With rivers and rills;
Then rush through the forest
And cause the boughs bend,
With shrieks and with groans.
Aho! how I blow!
Aho! how I go!—John Wagner '22.

MEDITATION

Here I sit with my rusty pen,
Scratching away like a cross old hen.
I am bound and determined to make a rhyme
Now don't interrupt me, just give me time.
As long as I've studied in Streator High School,
I've learned many a poem and many a rule.
All these may help me to attain
Great renown and immortal fame,
And should I discover that I am a poet,
I shall be sure to let the world know it.—Mona Craine '22

BEAUTY VS. SPIRIT

Two high school buildings from opposing towns did meet,
And in a quarrel each one did try the other to defeat.
Ottawa and Streator were the two that talked,
And the following conversation was held as they fought:
"Just look at yourself," said Ottawa, showing some hate,
"You need a good building, something up-to-date,
Your building's a monster, spread all over the grounds,
And that annex's a disgrace to one of La Salle County's towns.
Your 'gym' is so bad that you can't play a good game
Within its four walls; and your posts are a shame.
You can't even seat your 'Freshies' at ease,
But stick them in a class-room, like a hive filled with bees.
Just look at the building your County Seat owns,
Better start to reform to touch Ottawa's high tones."
"Look out what you're saying," said Streator, growing bold,
"Just look and see what's within if our building is old.
We have spirit within it, the spirit that succeeds,
For what is a fine building without the spirit it needs?
Of course, we understand that you can't play a good game,
In our 'gym' or yours, you lose just the same.
Our team has the 'pep' that yours surely lacks,
As was shown this last season and proved by hard facts.
We shall get a new school, Ottawa, with our citizens' aid,
We will build it on the foundation of the 'rep' that Streator's made."—Rosalind Hupp '23.

THE VARSITY

Nine for the Varsity, boys,
Nine for the team!
Nine for lots of pep and noise,
Nine with lots of steam!

Let 'em know we're here,
Give it long and loud,
Yell those yells to us so dear,
Come on, fellows, come on, crowd!

Nine for Russ, and nine for Brit!
Nine for Gus who's got lots of grit!
Nine for Griz and nine for Pat!
That's the team, Streator, that's put you on the map.—Fred Thornton '23

Miss White said to write three or more,
I suppose she meant four,
So that number is here,
Oh, my worthy seer,
For I tell you I can write no more.—Lois Huggans '20.

LIFE IN THE ASSEMBLY 8:00 to 8:20

Not a sound is heard, not an eye looks up,
As Mr. Fincham to the platform hurries;
Not a student but opens his own textbook,
For fear of indefinite eighth periods.

We eye him secretly when we can,
Our eyes from our textbooks roving,
But we quickly turn them back again,
When we see his pencil moving.

Few and short are the words he says,
And we speak not a word in answer,
But we steadfastly gaze at the book on our desk,
As we "feel" the pencil move faster.—Cecile Bane '21.

SING A SONG—

Sing a song of tardiness,
A slip will carry you through,
Three and twenty culprits,
All in a stew;
And when the Prof. looks at them,
Those kids begin to sing,
"I'll bring a note at noon, sir."
But he says, "No such a thing."—Marion Clemons '20.

THE MARCH WIND

With a rush and a roar,
Ratt'ling window and door,
What was that went rushing by
Making even the oak tree sigh?
It was the March wind.

With a spatter and a splash,
Through the downpour with a dash,
Whirling raindrops on the pane,
Hark! The rascal's back again.
The Noisy March Wind!—Irene Cook '22.

Hardly a man is now alive,
Who has not heard of Dale's five.
No sooner has the game begun,
Than we are sure the victory's won.
Hurrah for our basketball five!—Wilma Hepler '20.

I lie in bed and sleepy feel,
Then one clear call for me!
So up I jump to stop the clang
When I wake up, you see.—Harvey Rinker '20.

SMILES

There was a young boy named Ed,
Who tried to stand on his head,
He failed in the job,
And about broke his knob,
Altho it was made of lead.

There was a young boy named Mac,
Who stood on a railroad track,
Along came a car
That knocked him so far,
It took him a week to get back.

Oh, for an inspiration!
Oh, for just one thought!
That will banish this perspiration
On my brow which hard thinking brought.—Sherman Bennett '20.

There is young lady named Robb,
Who said to a fellow named Bob,
"If you aren't here on time,
You will join in that line
Of that awful eighth period mob."—Bessie Stowe '20.

There was once a man named Mallory,
Who dined everyday on a calorie.
He had it served hot,
And it cost such a lot,
That he couldn't half live on his salary.—Hector Beard '20.

There was a young man named Breen,
Who had been asked of his hair, "Why the sheen?"
Oh, why did you chide me
As soon as you spied me,
Just because I use "Brilliantine?"—Pauline Ieuter '20.

There was a young boy named Gill,
A good-sized room he could fill,
When to Hi he did come,
The girls had their fun
I wonder if they're doing it still.

There was a young boy named Mohan,
Who never did any crabbin' or crowin',
Until his Ford broke down
On his way to town,
And now the darn thing they are towin'.—John Breen '20.

There was a young man named Rus,
Who drove to school in a Ford bus,
In a basketball game
He was known by his fame,
And made the other team cuss.—Edward Mohan '20.

There was a young man from Natches,
Whose trousers were covered with patches
One day on a fence,
He could tell by his sense
Of feel, he'd obtained a few scratches.—Margaret Howells '22.

MEMOIRS OF A MIRROR

Ah, how wonderful I feel this bright March morning after two days and nights of peaceful rest! But this is Monday, Monday the blue, and Monday the bright. I shall hear of disappointments, and of dislikes for school again, but also I shall hear of parties, dances, games, and shopping tours. I hear some girls coming now.

"Yes, I know, but you might have brought it."

"Well, I forgot it, and besides I told you I was sorry."

The two young ladies passed down the hall. They must be Freshmen and have not arrived at the point of advancement where they come to the dressing room to use me.

Ah! I am so bright. I was dusted only day before yesterday; won't the girls be glad?

"But it was such a pretty rose I couldn't help it, so I just plucked it off its little stem."

"Oh! Belle, can you ever forget that play?" came from her companion.

"It was so much fun, but what about the other one?"

"Wasn't Patty good? Just fine! I wonder how Ed's nose felt when she finished dusting it?"

"Say, have you your 'Prom' dress?" came from a brown-haired girl who just entered. "Well, I have mine—taffeta and tulle," came from the same demure little miss.

"Oh! you are so lucky, Goldah, you always get just what you want just when you want it."

Another girl came up the stair, following her were two others. They come in the formation from the east, down the Broadway trail.

"Say, I have the best story to tell you! Oh! I forget I can't tell it. Ask Ted."

"Oh, you make me so angry; you are always starting something you never finish. I just wish Marion was here to tell you about it again."

"Look at my nose, always shiny and my hair never right."

"Oh! hush up, Dee, you know it looks all right, it always does. I must hurry to see if Ed has his French; if he hasn't, I'll do it for him—I always do."

Here comes a pretty girl with lots of hair down her back. After a couple of pats on the top of her hair it looks just fine; that is all the attention that I get from her.

"Hurry, Max, or we'll be tardy again. I wonder if Harry is here. Say, I bet the kids are tired after last night."

Always the same old tale—Harry, tired, kids or bunch."

"Take the roll," is bellowed from within.

"Well, you may as well wait for me, we're late anyway."

"Oh well, what's the difference, Dorothy, we are known as the tardy twins as it is. Five more eighth periods is all. Ruth will think Broadway is getting shorter, we nearly made it this morning."—Lois Huggans '20.

MIGHTY JUNIORS IN ACTION

ACT I, SCENE I.

Football field, two minutes to play, ten yards to go. Cate makes a hole in the line. Daugherty over for a touchdown.

Crowd cheers.

ACT II, SCENE I.

Basketball, varsity vs. anyone. Pat tips ball to Daugherty who shoots for a goal.

Crowd goes wild.

ACT II, SCENE II.

Class basketball. Hamrin scores from center of floor, Goslin shoots foul goal, Abrams cages one and Hamrin repeats. Juniors win 7 to 0.

ACT III, SCENE I.

Track meet. Pat cops high jump, Mehock wins four-forty, Sopher seconds in high jump.

Thus the juniors are the stars in the field of "Red and White."—Arthur Jenkins '21.

BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

Upon entering the photographer's apartment, I was greeted by a lady of perhaps twenty-five. I was told to enter a little room adjoining and brush up a bit. In the little room, I found a mirror over a sort of box. The box-like affair was literally covered with photographs of old people and young folks—beautiful pictures. After arranging my tie seven different times and combing my hair twice, I sat down and waited. Presently a young, gray-haired woman entered and ordered me to go upstairs.

What a wonderful place that upstairs was. There was a little wooden horse, a stool, tall chairs and short ones. I was requested to be seated in front of the camera, which I did. I held my head erect and looked earnestly for the birdie. I tried my best to look natural, but I was told to look pleasant. I blushed at being insulted in such a manner and just then I heard the click of the camera.—Harvey Rinker '20.

THE FOX

In a cheap lodging house in the slums of New York about a dozen forlorn men, cast off by the large wheel of fortune, were staring thru the already dripping windows, out into the rain-sodden street.

A door opened and admitted a tall middle-aged man whose slouch hat was turned down over his eyes and whose coat collar was turned up to meet his hat. After receiving many curses and angry glances for letting in so much wind and rain, he paid his twenty-five cents for a bed, walked over to a chair, and sat down.

"I see that you are just the fellow I want," said a man, as he walked over to the fellow who had just come in.

The stranger looked up and saw standing at his elbow a man of perhaps thirty-five years, clean and well-dressed, in fact too well-dressed for the place he was in. "Well," he said "if it's a job you have, sit down and we'll talk it over."

Mr. Barlow, after finding a chair that suited him, pulled it over to the stranger's side, seated himself, and said:

"I have a little deal to put over and I can tell by your clothes, your smooth-shaven face, and your well-manicured nails that you are just the man for the job."

"Say," cut in the stranger, "if it's dirty work, don't look to me, for that is not in my line. Get me?"

"Oh, no!" hurriedly replied the other man, "nothing like that. But what do you say your name is?"

"Herbert Lockfort is my name," replied the stranger, "and now lead me to that job."

"All right," said Mr. Barlow, "wait until I call a taxi."

In due time the taxi arrived and both men got in. After giving a few directions to the driver, Mr. Barlow settled back into the seat, and Herbert could tell by the expression of his face that he did not wish to talk, so he asked no questions.

After riding for about an hour the driver stopped in front of a large brick house which Herbert easily recognized as one belonging to some wealthy person. They stepped out of the car and climbed the steps leading to the house. They were admitted by a butler whom Herbert thought at first glance was too young for the job he was holding. Mr. Barlow led the way up the stairs to the second floor of the house.

As Mr. Barlow opened the door to a room, Herbert saw to his amazement three men and everyone of them was covering him with a revolver.

"Don't try to run," said Mr. Barlow, as he perceived Herbert take a step backward, for these men are not very particular to whom the gun is pointed when the trigger is pulled. So, my dear friend, just calm yourself and I will tell you the story.

"Well, you see it is this way. You have heard of The Fox? No! Well, then I'll explain. The Fox is a master crook who baffles the detectives and the whole police force. He absolutely cannot be caught; he is too sly. He is never seen twice that he looks the same. Whenever a great crime is committed you will always find a little adhesive sticker with a picture of a fox on it stuck somewhere near the scene of crime to show that he did it or at least supervised it.

"Now this is where you come in. You see there are five of us; there is the other one," and he pointed to a man gagged and tied in a chair. "It is because of that man that you are here. You see we are expert jewel thieves and have made our fortune in that way, but as that man over there has made all the money he desires, he has decided to go straight. We are afraid he will squeal, so we are going to kill him. That is, you are going to kill him, and then we are going to kill you, put a box of The Fox's stickers in your pocket so that when the police find the two of you they will think you are The Fox, blame the crime on you, and everything will be all right. Very simple, eh?"

"Yes, it is rather simple," Herbert said, "but what about the detectives; are they not watching you?"

"No, they have quit; the only one we had to fear was Burns, and he has stopped watching us now."

"Yes, I see," replied Herbert, "but I need a bracer. Will you please bring me up a hot drink to steady my nerves?"

"Why, sure; I would do anything for you," Mr. Barlow replied.

The butler brought the tea, which Herbert grasped and, with one sweep, threw into the faces of the four men. Then he grabbed a revolver, and held them at bay.

"Don't run," shouted the butler, "for see," and he pulled open his coat and showed his star, "I am detective Burns from headquarters."

"All right," answered Herbert, "you tie them while I keep them covered."

When the last one was tied Burns turned around to Herbert and said, "Put down your gun, my man, they are safe."

"Nothing stirring," quickly replied Herbert, "Throw up your hands, Burns."

"What's the matter," cried Burns as Herbert tied him in a chair, "are you crazy? Can't you see that I am on your side?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Herbert, as he started down the stairs, "you see I am 'The Fox.'"—Irwin Cox '22.

A PERIOD IN ROOM 12

It is the second period of an early spring morning in room 12. The school is held fast in the merciless grasp of a serious epidemic of spring fever, which proves to be very contagious, affecting students and teachers alike. I say teachers too, because the "Prof" has not yet appeared on the scene to conduct his class of would-be politicians and future senators.

Jim Brennan over in one corner of the room is asking Bill Reed why W. J. Bryan would make a good candidate for President. The door opens and all eyes are turned innocently to greet the "Prof," but are disappointed when Ted Taylor steps in, ten minutes late and greatly relieved to find the bridge as yet unoccupied by our belated pilot. We wonder why he is late.

By this time all the available pieces of chalk in the room are merrily flying about, their paths not infrequently obstructed by various unfortunate and loudly-protesting members of the fair sex. How about it, Ruby?

Suddenly, as if by magic, the room becomes quiet. The "Prof." is heard coming down the stairs at the far end of the building, presumably to take up his delayed duty. We have not missed our guess. The roll taken, with Bennett the only absentee, the "Prof" announces, "We will hear from Phil Saunders on the subject, 'Why we should never allow the fair sex to interfere with our studies.'"—James Carswell, Jr. '20.



EDITOR—PAULINE IEUTER '20

“ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JACK A DULL BOY”

In the morale of an army lies its strength and its efficiency. This fact was clearly understood in the late war, when hundreds of people and thousands of dollars were employed, both in the training camps of America and in “Flanders Fields,” to promote a “social side” of army life. For in thus stimulating good fellow-ship, the spirits were uplifted, producing greater happiness and contentment.

And so it is in school life.

Years ago, the most exciting and entertaining feature of the social side of school life, was the spelling bee or the singing school. But times have changed, and modern school life offers a more varied program of social activities. Professor Waldrip, our broad-minded comrade, teacher, and friend, knows that the desire to learn must be stimulated by opportunity to play.

As we look backward over the four years of our high school days, we remember **not** the difficult problems in “Math” that we solved, nor the excellent themes we wrote (and of which we were so proud) but the **good times**. And while this social side of high school days has been the most pleasant course in our curriculum, it has also been a process of training which has made for a deeper knowledge of self, and a more general realization of our relations to the world about us.

No man is fully equipped for useful, harmonious living, who is socially inadequate. Any degree of culture implies poise and freedom of physical and mental expression, which are developed largely through direct social contact with one's fellows.

Our play times, then, have made for development. They have been a deep and rich educational process, training and equipping us for that larger field of experience, which we visualize now as “a land of enchantment” just beyond.

SENIOR DRAMATICS

Early in the fall of 1919 the Senior Dramatic club was organized. Marion White was chosen president; Pauline Ieuter, vice-president; and Marjorie Archer, secretary-treasurer. Miss Largent and Miss Trost were chosen to help Miss Cornelius in chaperoning and in the training of the club. The class was evenly divided into three sections and a committee put at the head of each group. Programs were prepared and presented by each division in its turn. It had been the

original plan to have each member of the class appear at some time on the fortnightly programs, but owing to the coal strike and various other hindrances this could not be done. Although many of the members of Senior Dramatics did not attend the meetings, regularly, those who did were well repaid both by the interesting and instructive papers and talks on such subjects as the "History of the Drama" and "Parliamentary Law;" and by such entertaining and enjoyable numbers as "What's in a Name?" "A Newspaper Talk," "Squirrel Food," and by such musical numbers as "You'd Be Surprised," and "Pal of Mine."

Senior Dramatic Indoor Picnic

In order to get together after the coal shortage and the semester exams, the Senior Dramatics held an indoor moonlight picnic Thursday, January 29th, at six o'clock. The sewingroom, where the repast was served, was dimly lighted with silvery blue incandescents that cast a shimmering—, etc. (Doesn't that sound romantic? It was too.) After the dishes, at least their contents, had been disposed of in short order, every one hurried to the gym where an interesting musical program was given and games were played and dances were danced—the latter to the tune of "Bill Reed's" Senior Orchestra.

When the Class of Twenty looks backward upon this evening, securely tucked away in its memory, it will realize that this little party was the means of bringing together the hitherto much-scattered class and also of developing a spirit of fellowship which had up to this time scarcely existed.

Washington's Birthday Program

Because the Seniors wished to "shake the jinx" which has clung to them during the first semester of their last year at S. H. S., they gave a program on February 20th in honor of the "Father of His Country."

A patriotic reading was given first by Roma Sexton, the effective finale of which was the "Star-Spangled Banner." Then "Truth for a Day" was presented, an interesting little sketch in which five boarding-school girls resolve to honor Washington's birthday by preventing any willful misstatements to fall from their lips; in other words, to be absolutely honest for at least that one day. "Goody-good" is shocked to find that not one of them has been immune from such a sin. The cast follows:

Cynthia Sears, ringleader	Ruth Johnson
Rhoda Rollins, goody-good	Augusta Hasenkamper
Belle Black, scrapper	Marjorie Archer
Louise Louis, peace-maker	Eunice Perry
Clara Cotterel, bragger	Edith Huggans
Miss Mud, teacher	Lois Huggans

Mildred Barackman next played two charming piano numbers, "Hungarian" by MacDowell, and "Turkish March" by Mozart. By this time the school and the few guests present began to realize that the Class of Twenty was by no means lacking in talent.

The next play, the "Long-lost Nephew," a clever farce cleverly acted, revolved around the idea of mistaken identity. The cast follows:

Mr. Calamus, a philosopher	James Carswell
Mrs. Calamus, his echoing wife	Bertha Kimes
Arthur Dauntless, the nephew	Edwin Griswold
Winifred Wilful, the ward	Ella Muntz
Patty Blossom, the maid	Marion White
Andy Evergreen, her husband-to-be	Leo McNamara

After this number, Burdett Atwood, fetchingly attired in a costume representing Columbia, led the audience in the singing of the national song.

The great success of this program was due not only to the material, such as the cast, the selections of the plays, etc., but also to the able supervision of Miss Cornelius, Miss Largent, and Miss Trost.

EXTRACTS FROM A SENIOR'S DIARY

Sept. 26, 1919—Went to the Senior Party tonight. It seemed good to be dancing in the old gym once more with Jack's Orchestra filling the air with the strains of the latest popular music. We did not "splurge" very much at our party because we knew that each succeeding class would try to outdo us. And after all, the main thing when one is entertaining, is not the decorations or the refreshments but instead just the fact that every one thoroughly enjoys himself. What more can one say of any social affair? Such was the first Senior Party. Many new members of the faculty made their social debut tonight and incidentally gave the students an excellent opportunity to become better friends.

Oct. 10, 1919—The gym was entirely transformed tonight. The Juniors had tried to excel everything that had gone before, and they succeeded. The lights were decorated with the class colors, crimson and gold, giving a soft mellow tone to the whole picture. The orchestra was placed on a green oasis surrounded by colorful floor lamps, flowers and ferns. Oh yes, dear diary, a sweet little dicky-bird hopped about joyously and added a touch of the picturesque to the surrounding beauty. When M—— said, "Oh, girls, I just had a wonderful time!" she voiced the sentiments of every one.

If the Juniors are able to do "thusly" at a simple little class party, one can easily imagine the "Prom" in June. Oh, boy!

Oct. 31, 1919—The Sophomore hallowe'en Party was going full blast when I arrived there tonight. Through a maze of confetti, cornstalks, jack-o-lanterns, crepe-paper, and black cats, I saw disreputable tramps, stately colonial dames, gay gypsies, dignified Columbias, dark-eyed Spaniards, and hilarious clowns conglomerated into one heterogeneous mass (ahem!) They had already donned their favors, orange-colored neck-ruffs, and high hats with huge pompoms adorning them. A grand march was in progress and everyone was looking his best, for prizes for the best costumes were soon to be awarded. A tall Zouave and fascinating and distracting Cleopatra "copped the berries." After this the orchestra started "jazzing" and we started dancing and didn't stop until time to go to the "Liberty."

I'm sleepy. Good-night, dear diary.

Jan. 2, 1920—I wonder why I always enjoy a Freshman party! That's where I was tonight, you know, dear diary. Outside, the wind was raging and howling. But inside, the gym at S. H. S. was brilliantly and radiantly lighted. There were happy boys and girls with eyes sparkling with gaiety and mirth for the class of Twenty-Three is as entertaining as its parties. There is something in the atmosphere when frenzied, fickle, frivolous Freshmen entertain. Everyone registers happiness. Joy fills the air. And the sum-total of all this is "the best time ever. Thus was the Freshman Party!

April 16, 1920—I went to the Junior Dance, a "Benefit" for the "Prom." Miss Llewellyn told me that over five hundred tickets had been sold, therefore I was afraid that there would not be room to dance. But many people who bought tickets did not come, so there was just a "nice" crowd—about two hundred and fifty, I think.

Everyone said that the gym was prettier in its decorations than it had ever been before. The entire ceiling was covered with a canopy of crimson and gold. The lights were enhanced by veritable chandeliers of crimson and gold streamers. Screened corners apart from the "maddening crowd" were seized with great triumph by—well, certain couples, you know.

As soon as Jack's six-piece orchestra started "jazzing," the grand march was formed. It was led by James Brennan, the president of the Junior Class, and Cecile Burrell of Kankakee. We promenaders saw a pretty sight as we executed the various figures of the march; little Martha Waldrip was seated on a swing which was adorned with the prevailing decorations and brilliant incandescent lights. She presented each couple with the dance programs for the evening.

The dance was "some" success. We Seniors are using our imaginations and are trying to picture the Promenade as it will be with such a backing both financially and artistically. Here's hoping I don't sprain my ankle before that time!

April 30, 1920—The last party for the Class of 1920 occurred tonite. Boohoo! maybe I'll never, never dance in the old gym again. The decorations were prettier and more artistic than they had ever been before. The class colors—purple and white—were used to wonderful advantage. A huge white bell entwined with purple hung from the center of the ceiling from which radiated hundreds of streamers to all parts of the gym. Several hanging baskets with dainty purple and white flowers gracefully falling from them also adorned the ceiling. Large "vazzes" holding huge chrysanthemums of the prevailing colors were placed at effective points. On the platform was a pretty booth from which Marjorie Archer and Marion Clemons quenched our thirsts by means of delicious frappe. We had programs, too, and Jack's Orchestra "n everything." After the 8th dance Pauline Ieuter, dressed in a purple and white ballet costume, danced a "Senior Solo Dance" accompanied by the Orchestra.

I had an "awful" good time and somehow it didn't seem that our high school days would soon be over. But they will be, soon enough, and I'm busy, dear diary, so good-bye, for this time.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL CLUB

The Girls' Basketball Club was organized again this year altho no attempt was made to organize teams. At the first meeting of the year the following officers were elected:

President.....	Ruby Roberts
Vice Pres.	Edith Sprague
Sec.-Treas.....	Ione Ballard
Advisor.....	Miss Urina Roberts

On February 3rd, the Freshmen were initiated into this high and mighty club. Another meeting was held February 27 when dancing and various stunts were the principal features of the evening. The denim party of May 6th was by far the most enjoyable of any yet given. The entertainment had all others "in the dark," according to the girls.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICES

First Methodist Church

Sunday, May 30

Organ Prelude	Mrs. George A. Dicus
Processional, "All Ye Nations Praise the Lord".....	Class of 1920 with Organ Accompaniment
Invocation	Ensign Frank H. Ketchum
Hymn	Mixed Glee Club and Congregation
Scripture Reading	Rev. B. H. Cleaver
Anthem, "Hark, Hark, My Soul".....	Shelly
Streator Township High School Mixed Glee	
Miss Elberta Llewellyn, Director	
Sermon	Rev. S. P. Archer
Anthem, "Rejoice, the Lord is King".....	Berwald
Streator Township High School Mixed Glee Club	
Benediction	Rev. B. F. Irving
Organ Postlude	Mrs. George A. Dicus

Class Night—Thursday, June 3rd

Music	Senior Mixed Chorus
"What I know about you"—Class Gossip.....	Mary Sabo, Edward Mohan and William Schroeder
Vocal Solo—"O, Flower of All the World".....	Ella Muntz
"The Good Old Days".....	Bertha Kimes
Class Solo Dance	Pauline Ieuter
Vocal Solo—"My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose".....	Burdett Atwood
Class Prophecy	Sarah Kirk
Piano Solo—"Lake of Wallenstaedt" (Franz Liszt)	Goldah Coe
Class Poem	Marjorie Archer
Class Will	Leo McNamara
Presentation of Wheel.....	Edwin Griswold
Acceptance of Wheel	James Brennan
Class Song	Senior Class
Class Yell	Senior Class

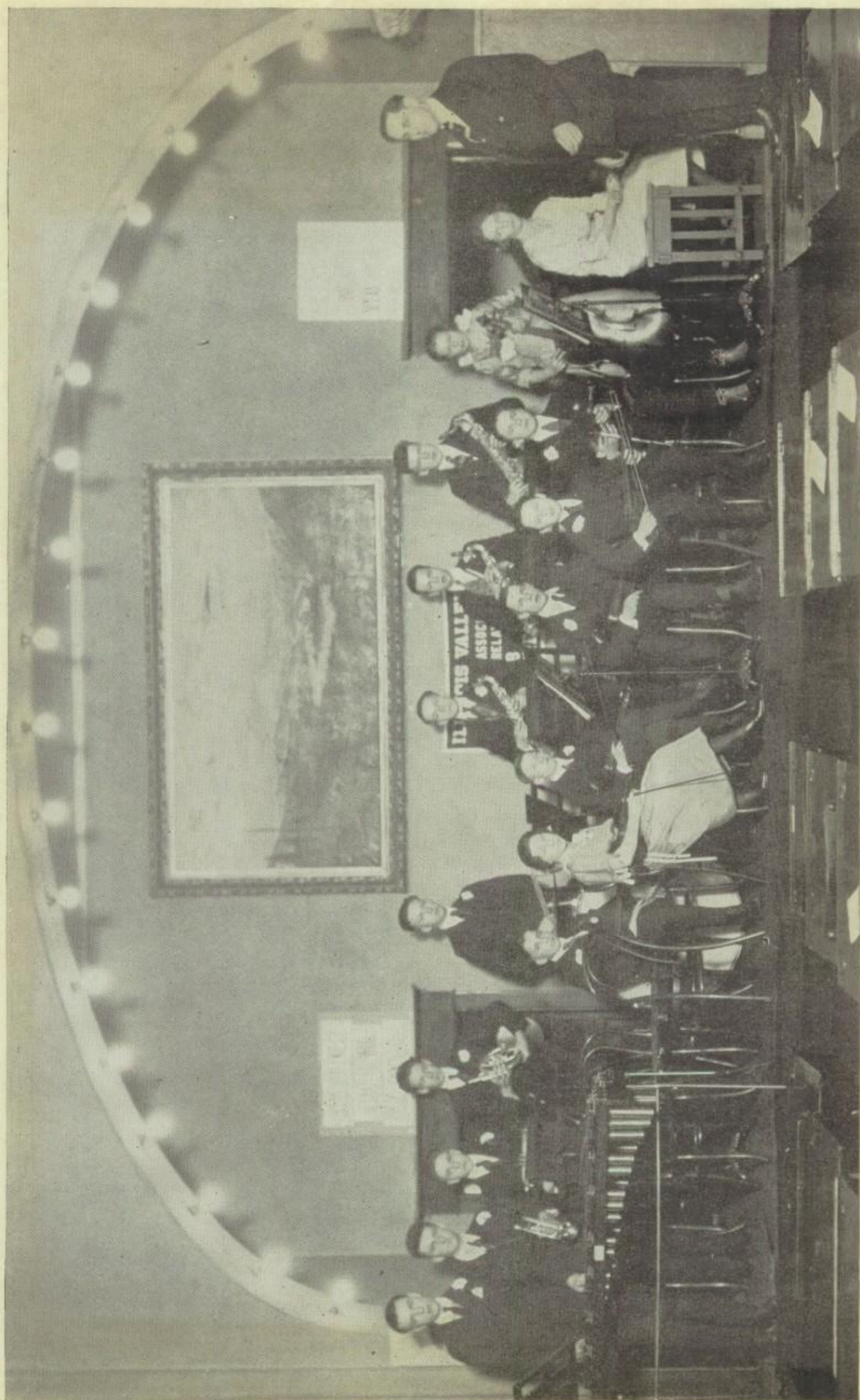
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

First Methodist Church

Friday, June 4th

Processional, "All Ye Nations, Praise the Lord".....	Class of 1920, with Organ Accompaniment
Invocation	Rev. Joshua Read
Piano Solo, "Concert Rondo".....	Mendelssohn
Marion White	
Vocal Selection, "Sing, Joyous Bird".....	Phillips
Ella Muntz	
Address: "The High School Graduate," F. G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Ill.	
Piano Solo, "Capriccio Brillante".....	Mendelssohn
Mildred Barackman	
Organ Accompaniment, Miss Mora Murdock	
Vocal Selection, "Haymaking"	Needham
Burdett Atwood	
Presentation of Diplomas.....	R. C. Osborn, President Board of Education
Benediction	Rev. James Foster





THE ORCHESTRA

THE ORCHESTRA

"Orchestra"—a word we often hear, but possibly have never stopped to think what the real significance of it, might be.

The word is of Greek origin, and in classical times denoted an open space in which dances were performed, to the sound of various instruments. Later, it was used with reference to the place in front of the stage occupied by the musicians, and gradually it came to refer to the musicians themselves.

Now, it is a general term referring to the place, to the musicians, or to their instruments. In a full Orchestra are groups of stringed, wood-wind, brass-wind, and percussion instruments, in fairly complete form and well proportioned.

Our own S. H. S. Orchestra, made its first public appearance this year in Concert on March 12. Due to our lack of instrumentation, we have not attempted any of the heavier works.

Our chief aim this year is to create a stronger desire for better music, develop musicianship and sight reading. A second public Concert will be given in May. The program is under preparation now, and is selected from Modern Composers of our best Orchestral Music.

The personnel of the Orchestra follows:

Director
Septimus E. Barbour

First
Paul Lester
Harold Burton
Joseph Samors

Second Violins
Bernice Prendergast
Walter Rankin
Barnard Friedman

Violoncelle
Leonora Schurman

Xylophone, Bells, Drums
Francis Howland
William Reed

Cornets
Harvey Rinker
Robert MacCallum

Horns
Milton Smith

Saxophone
Donald Patterson
Fred Thornton
Olan Kibler

Accompanist
Ione Ballard



MIXED GLEE CLUB

VOCAL ORGANIZATIONS

Streator High can well be proud of her musical organizations, which certainly would bring credit to any school. The orchestra is a proven success as shown by the concert given in March, and the glee clubs and choruses are doing remarkably well.

Under the instruction of Miss Llewellyn both the Girls' Glee and the Mixed Glee have made successes of every appearance. The choruses, meeting twice a week, although not given a chance to appear publicly, have proven themselves worthy of praise. The spirit with which all the musical work is done and the aim of the organizations, to acquaint the students with the rudiments of music and to acquire an appreciation of good music, is enough to insure the success of any organization—and the desired results are being obtained.

GIRLS' GLEE

Soprano

Burdett Atwood	Ella Muntz
Laura Peterson	Goldah Coe
Mary Downes	Ruth Payne
Jean Gates	Margaret Howells
Margaret Lanigan	Alice Van Namee

Alto

Lucile Defenbaugh	Margaret McAllister
Agnes Willey	Agnes Archer
Marion Clemons	Mary Williams
Linda Fisher	Martha Holliday
Helen Koontz	Lyssiam Angier

Second Soprano

Bessie Stowe	Emma Hocking
Pauline Ieuter	Eunice Perry
Cleonne Julien	Edith Sprague
Maxine Ieuter	Kathleen Brennan
Margarette Armstrong	

MIXED GLEE

Soprano

Burdett Atwood	Ella Muntz
Mary Downes	Ruth Payne

Alto

Mary Williams	Lucile Defenbaugh
Margaret McAllister	Eunice Perry

Bass

Francis Howland	Gilbert Ahlgren
Donald Patterson	Leslie Goslin
Leo McNamara	Harold Burton
John Breen	

Tenor

Edwin Griswold	Paul Lester
Edward Mohan	Lester Shaw
James Hennessey	Cephas Williams



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



EDITOR—EDWIN GRISWOLD '20

OUR COACH



From the standpoint of athletic achievements, the past year has been the most successful one Streator High has enjoyed in a decade. The reason for the success of our teams this year did not lie in the fact that better material was available, but it was because of the excellent training the boys received at the hands of Mr. Dale. Never has the school had such a popular director of athletics, nor a more able one. It was he who made the winning of the district tournament in basketball possible; it was he who turned out a winning football team when prospects were dark, with only three men to build on. And it is he who is responsible for the school spirit so much in evidence this year, the spirit which won at La Salle and West Aurora and which will put Streator on the map inside of five years by virtue of her fighting teams. He has done more. He has gained the backing of the people of Streator. Business men who had never seen a high school team

play here before came, at first out of curiosity; but once started they could not stop. Streator is behind her high school teams to a greater extent than one would have believed possible a few years ago. And all because of the genial, winning personality of the man, Dale.

"Pop" established a reputation in the Illinois Valley last year when he built an entirely new team of basket-tossers from the class teams of the year before, and came within three points of winning the Illinois Valley tournament at La Salle. This year he extended his fame over the whole of northern Illinois by defeating such teams as East Aurora and Joliet in football, and Peoria Manual and West Aurora in basketball, adding the last touch by winning the La Salle District and taking his quintet to the State Tournament.

Considering these accomplishments, we feel sure that it will be only a matter of a few years before Mr. Dale will leave the high school field to join the ranks of the college coaches, where bigger opportunities beckon. But for the present, Streator is going to keep Mr. Dale and support his next year's teams.

Streator is just on the verge of gaining the recognition in sports she has long deserved. A few more teams of the calibre of this year's, and her place in the front ranks is assured. Next year's teams should be even more successful, for by far the majority of this year's "S" men will be back. And, what is undeniably more important, the coach will be back. So to him and to his teams the departing Seniors unite in a wholehearted wish for phenomenal success and good fortune next year and in the years to come.



FOOTBALL TEAM

FOOTBALL

The outlook for the grid season was not very encouraging to followers of the "Red and White" team in the fall, since only three regulars were back. But twenty-five ambitious youngsters turned out at Dale's first call and eagerly donned the suits which were passed out. All the old material used in the last five or six years was called into use, and some of the combinations effected truly reminded one of a scarecrow or a resurrected tackling dummy. Few of the men had ever had any other than sand-lot experience, but it was surprising to see how quickly they were whipped into shape under Coach Dale's expert tutelage.

The attitude of the men toward the work was exemplary. There were two teams out every night, fighting, plugging away without any grumbling even when they practiced falling on the ball. They took a fierce joy in co-operating with the coach in trying to produce a winning team out of green material, and the improvement they made those first two weeks was marvelous. Every man out tried his level best for the chance to start in the Joliet game which was scheduled for September twenty-seventh. The men who showed up best were: Patterson, Glen Daugherty, and Breen, ends; Jennett and Sawyer, tackles; Weber, Birtwell, and Price, guards; Sopher, center; Dicus, quarterback; R. Daugherty and Griswold, halves; Cate, fullback.

This combination journeyed to Joliet on the twenty-seventh and marched out on the field with thumping hearts. It was the first football game of their careers for all but Captain Rus Daugherty, Griswold, and Sawyer. Coupled to this was the fact that some four or five thousand people were in the stands, and a forty-piece band was blaring forth the Joliet High School songs. Then Joliet came out on the field, thirty strong, and each man looked sure of himself. To say that Streater was scared would not be the truth, and yet the fellows were not exactly at ease. It is safe to venture, however, that at least eight loyal hearts were racing and pumping at an entirely abnormal speed under those good old maroon jerseys as Streater lined up for the kick-off. But the first smashing scrimmage acted as a tonic that soothed down the high-strung nerves and resolved the eleven red-suited men into eleven steady, fighting demons who just naturally walked away from Joliet. The final score was 26-0 but to the tired youngsters it seemed 100-0 after the game.

There was one casualty in the battle. Griswold, who was playing a smashing, whirlwind game at right half, was injured during the third quarter, and an examination showed that the ligaments in his right shoulder were torn loose. It was many a day before Gris could even feed himself, and a month passed before he was back in the harness again. Even then he was troubled all season and was seldom able to finish a game.

This necessitated a change in the backfield and Red Daugherty was put at half with Breen at end. Later in the season Mohan and Britton were played at half, Daugherty resuming his old position.

The Joliet game showed Coach Dale the weaknesses in his machine so that he was able to narrow down his coaching from a general all-round training to specific individual guidance.

As the season went on the team improved, and a new set of shift plays strengthened the offense perceptibly. Streater gathered in five of the first six games played, but the Kankakee game on November seventh crippled the team up so that the last three games were dropped, although the scores were low. All things considered, the five games won and four lost is an exceptional record. Following is the complete schedule:

Date	Where Played	Streater	Opponents
September 27	Joliet	Streater 26	Joliet 0
October 4	Streater	Streater 62	Dwight 7
October 10	Streater	Streater 9	La Salle 47
October 17	Streater	Streater 31	Pontiac 6
October 25	Streater	Streater 28	E. Aurora 13
November 1	Spring Valley	Streater 3	Spring Valley 0
November 7	Streater	Streater 6	Kankakee 12
November 14	Normal	Streater 6	Normal U. High 28
Thanksgiving	Mendota	Streater 6	Mendota 28
Totals		Streater 177	Opponents 141

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM

Captain Russell Daughterity. Rus displayed his great natural ability on the gridiron this year and his educated toe saved the team in many a pinch. He is, without a doubt, the best open-field runner since Byron Daughterity's time, besides being a reliable man on defense. Many an end run has been checked in the making by "Nig's" hard tackling. Nig will be back next year and will again serve in the capacity of captain.

Griswold, Half-Back. Gris has played his last game for Streater High. He was handicapped this year by a game shoulder and consequently could not show the best that he was capable of, but his playing was by no means of a second-class nature. Dale will have to look far to find a reliable half for his place next year.

Cate, Full-back. Cate was a find. Inexperienced, at first, he rounded into a driving, hard-hitting full-back who could make two yards, or six yards, as it was needed. He drove over the big majority of the touchdowns for the "Red and White" this year.

Dicus, Quarter-back. Dicus caught Coach Dale's eye from the first and only a little tutelage was necessary to make a first class quarter of him. He is heavy and can play any backfield position, besides being a good punter and goal kicker in a pinch.

Mohan, Half-back. The big mistake Mohan made was in not coming out three years ago. He is a very fast man and can run away from the whole field once he is ahead of them. In the Dwight game, where Ed ran about five one-hundred-yard dashes for touchdowns, the Dwight rooters were telling one another that "That's Daughterity!"

Britton, Half-back. Britton got a bad start this year, but hit his stride toward the middle of the season. He is a reliable man on offense and can fling the pigskin on a forward pass with pretty accuracy. Brit is lost to us this year, too.

Patterson, End. Despite his game knee, Pat was the surprise of the season. Time after time he raked in forward passes which seemed hopelessly out of reach, and usually he was not stopped until he was within scoring distance. Pat has the unique distinction of scoring the first and last touchdowns of the season.

Glen Daughterity, End. "Red" was the smallest and the newest player on the squad. It makes one yell to see his white helmet dive into a mass of arms and legs and clamp his mits around the runner. An end run very seldom got past him, and if it did it was because three of the backfield and the opposing end caged him in. Great things are expected from Red next year.

Jennett, Tackle. Jennett is one of those fellows who doesn't say much, but who just grins and does two or three times his share. Art was one of the hardest and surest tacklers in the line. The harder he hit a man, the more he seemed to enjoy it. If a man ever got by him, it was flowers for him next time he came through left tackle.

Sawyer, Tackle. Sawyer was an old hand at the game so his work in the line was indispensable. At defensive center, his greatest joy was to kill 'em as they came through. On offense, "Eighty" was as reliable as "Old Faithful."

Weber, Guard. Gus is built like a brick wall, as everyone he has played against will testify. Somehow he always got through the opposing line and nailed the runner before he got started. Everyone will agree that he deserved his berth on the all-star team.

Birtwell, Guard. Birtwell is a kind of understudy to Weber. He plays the same style of game and is just as formidable a man to hit. A sure tackler, he was invaluable to his side of the line. Injuries crippled him toward the last, but even then he played till he dropped.

Price, Guard. Bill always has something to say except when he's playing. Then he shuts up like a clam and puts his whole being into his game. He is a clean, wholesome player and will without a doubt show up fine next year, for Bill comes from a football family.

Sopher, Center. Sopher plays a steady game, is always in the fray doing his part. He has been up against some big men but none of them ever showed him anything about football. He usually managed to make the opposing center feel about as necessary as a pickle fork.

NEXT YEAR'S PROSPECTS

Coach Dale will have almost an entire team back next year from the season's 'Varsity.' Only three, Griswold, Britton, and Mohan, graduate. Realizing this, Mr. Dale signed up an exceptionally hard schedule this year to give the fellows valuable experience. Next year there seems no reason why Streator should not clean up everything in the Valley, besides taking on the Auroras, Freeport, Elgin and Peoria.

TRACK

In spite of the fact that many of our best track men left last year, the prospects of future success are bright, as the underclassmen are fast developing into fast men. The only "dope" so far is our most successful inter-class meet, May 7th, as follows:

50 Yd. Dash: Britton, Sr., first; Bradford, S., second; Sawyer, J., third; Birtwell, J., fourth. Time, 7 flat.

Mile: Piercy, F., first; Lester, J., second; Rinker, Sr., third; Bradford, S., fourth; Time, 5:28.

100 Yd. Dash: Britton, Sr., first; Birtwell, J., second; Mohan, Sr., third; Sawyer, J., fourth. Time, 11 flat.

R. H. Jump: Patterson, J., first; Sopher, J., second; Brennan, J., third; Mohan, Sr., Baer, J., tie, fourth. Height, 5 feet.

220 Yd. Dash: Mehock, J., first; Birtwell, J., second; Archer, F., third; Carswell, S., fourth. Time, 24:1.

Discus: Weber, J., first; Sawyer, J., second; Carswell, S., third; Baer, J., third. Distance, 88 feet 3 in.

440 Yd. Dash: Mehock, J., first; Campbell, Sr., second; Lynch, F., third; Carswell, S., fourth. Time 57.

Shot Put: Weber, J., first; Birtwell, J., second; Patterson, J., third; Sawyer, J., fourth. Distance, 35 feet 2 in.

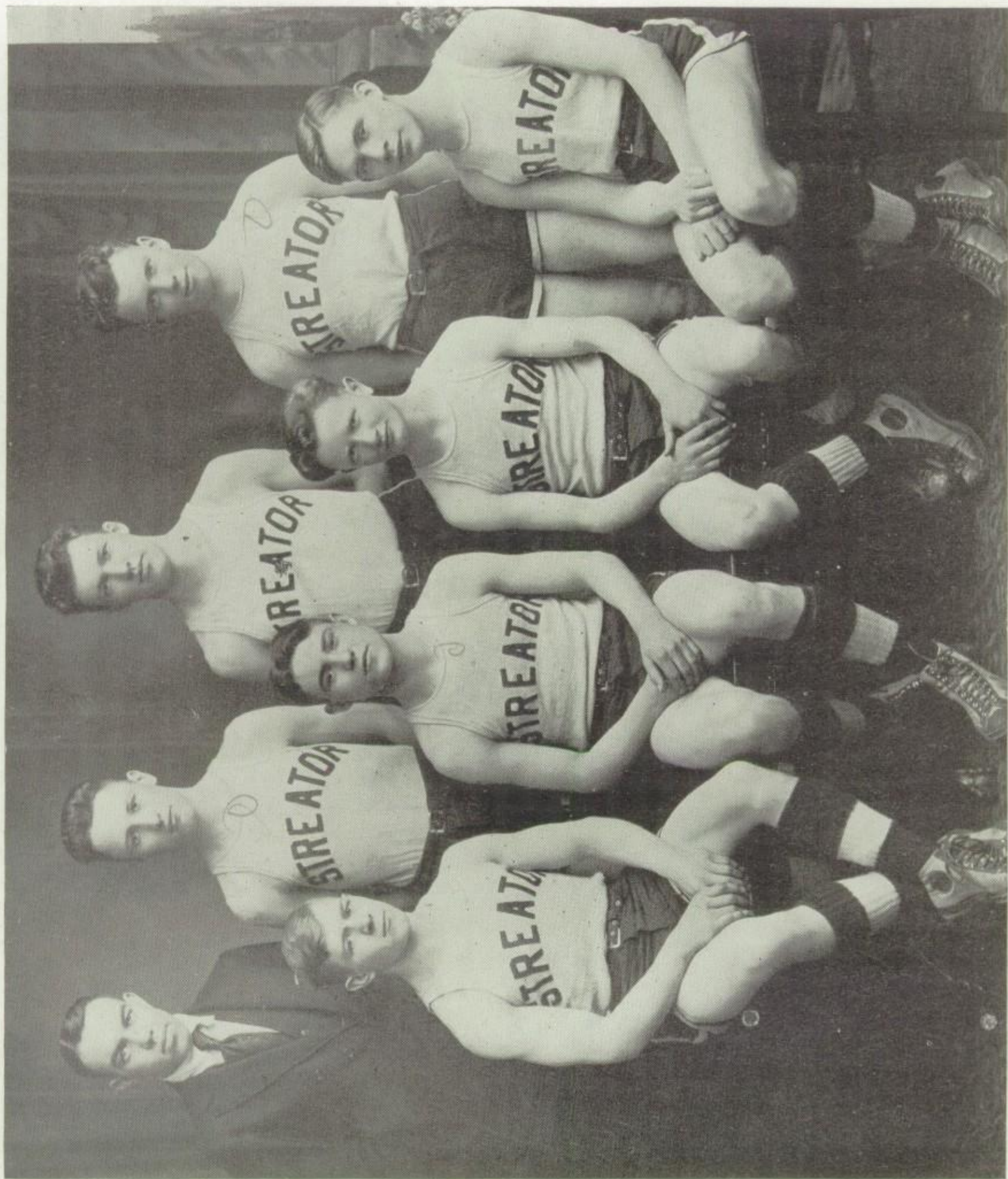
880 Yd. Run: Patterson, J., first; Beneckendorf, S., second; McNamara, Sr., third; Nelson, J., fourth. Time, 2:23.

R. B. Jump: Archer, F., first; Carswell, S., second; Baer, J., third. Distance 16 feet 9 in.

Relay, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile: Juniors winners; Birtwell, Brennan, Sopher, Mehock.

Points: Juniors, $61\frac{1}{2}$; Seniors, $19\frac{1}{2}$; Freshmen, 15; Sophomores, 14.

VARSIY
BASKETBALL
TEAM



BASKETBALL

At last Streator has stepped to the front in basketball. This year's team had the best perfected teamwork of any squad seen here for a long time, and by winning the district tournament they have started a new era in sports in Streator.

With a nucleus of four men to build on, Coach Dale did not take long to pick a squad of seven: Griswold, R. Daugherity, Britton, Patterson, Weber, G. Daugherity, and Sopher, all of them of proven worth either in the class league, the previous year's team, or outside ball. In a little over a week's time the team was whipped into shape for the Mazon game, December nineteenth.

Mazon had been playing for a month, but they did not have the class Streator showed in the little Mazon hall. Streator won by a score of 41-34 without exerting herself.

The next game was with the Alumni on the last day of December. The old grads were a little rusty and fell to the tune of 45-21. Then followed victory after victory, seven straight.

On January twenty-eighth Pontiac beat us by six points. Patterson was sick with the flu at this time and his absence cost the game. But a defeat at this juncture was the best thing for the team, for the boys came back on Friday and white-washed La Salle 42-15.

Peoria Manual administered the second drubbing of the season on February seventh at Peoria. Manual High had a very big team and the combination of big men and a big floor put Streator on the hummer. But the fellows resolved then and there that they would beat Peoria at Streator, and they did on the twentieth, scoring 28 to Manual's 24.

A northern invasion netted us two victories, at Sycamore and West Aurora, in as many days. West Aurora had one of the best teams encountered all season. It was in this game that Captain Griswold shot a clean ringer (quite accidentally) almost the length of the floor.

Streator went to the La Salle tournament picked to win. She had the stiffest schedule of any team on the list. In only one of the three games we won to get into the finals did Coach Dale dare to take out his first team. On the other hand, La Salle played her second team in every game but the last.

The drawings paired us with Earlville for the first game, at 3:30 Thursday afternoon. A hundred loyal rooters accompanied the team and lent their voices to the aid of the team when Earlville got the jump on Dale's youngsters. But the come-back that Streator showed the second half took the small town boys off their feet. The second team was put in to keep the fight going in the third quarter; even then Earlville was unable to score over twelve points to Streator's thirty-eight.

Rollo put up a great fight in the second game, but Streator's steam roller was on the go for good. Thirty-one to twenty-two does not express the closeness of the game, however. Rollo led the first half but was unable to keep up the pace. Swaney next took the count, thirty to sixteen, putting Streator into the finals with La Salle.

On Saturday night occurred the battle which will not soon be forgotten in the Illinois Valley. La Salle had the advantage in that she had the easier schedule in the tournament. But once the game had started Streator was out to win, disadvantages to the contrary notwithstanding. Never was such a game seen on the La Salle floor. The third quarter opened with Streator four points in the lead, fifteen to eleven. Then a personal foul was called on Weber, making four of them. Sopher took his place at standing guard and the team lined up with fire in their eyes. But La Salle kept creeping up till the score stood at eighteen to sixteen in favor of Streator, with a half minute to play. Then just as the gun went off, La Salle counted with a lucky basket which tied the score, eighteen to eighteen, making necessary a five-minute overtime period.

The teams lined up again and the game was on. Both sides fought like demons while the crowd went wild. Streator kept the ball in her territory till Patterson, making a pretty shot from the side, put his team two points in the lead. The referee had to take time to drive the crowd back off the floor before the game was resumed. La Salle worked a play off the tip-off and tied the score again. Pandemonium broke loose in the crowd. With half a minute to go, a foul was called on La Salle and Captain Griswold caged the free throw. Before another play could materialize the gun went off, and Streator had won. The District Championship was ours for the first time in our history.

The big floor at Champaign proved too much of a handicap and Joliet eliminated Streator in the second game of the State Tournament. The lower classmen are already looking forward to another chance next year on the big floor. With only two Seniors on the team this year, the prospects for next year could not be much better. Captain-elect Patterson has the united backing of all Streator, which certainly helps a team along, so next year Streator is expecting the quintet to land in the state finals. And they will, too!

SEASON'S SCORES

Date	Where Played				
Dec. 19, 1919	Mazon	Streator	41	Mazon	34
Dec. 31, 1919	Streator	Streator	45	Alumni	21
Jan. 9, 1920	Streator	Streator	39	Pontiac	20
Jan. 16	Ottawa	Streator	31	Ottawa	25
Jan. 23	Morris	Streator	45	Morris	17
Jan. 24	Streator	Streator	72	Spring Valley	22
Jan. 28	Pontiac	Streator	16	Pontiac	22
Jan. 30	Streator	Streator	42	La Salle	15
Feb. 6	Streator	Streator	36	Ottawa	27
Feb. 7	Peoria	Streator	23	Manual H.	44
Feb. 12	Sycamore	Streator	31	St. Albans	17
Feb. 13	Aurora	Streator	35	West High	32
Feb. 20	Streator	Streator	28	Manual H.	24
Feb. 28	Streator	Streator	21	DeKalb	22
Mar. 4	La Salle	Streator	38	Earlville	12
Mar. 5	La Salle	Streator	31	Rollo	22
Mar. 6	La Salle	Streator	30	Swaney	16
Mar. 6	La Salle	Streator	21	La Salle	20
Mar. 18	Champaign	Streator	25	Joliet	40
Total points			650		452

Games played—19; Games won—15; Average—.790.

POINTS SCORED BY INDIVIDUALS

	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Points
Patterson, c.	93	0	186
R. Daugherty, f.	86	8	180
Griswold, g.	45	63	153
Britton, f.	56	0	112
G. Daugherty, f.	6	0	12
Sopher, g.	2	0	4
Foster, c.	2	0	4
Totals	290	71	651



Gris



Pat



Brit



Nig



Gus

Griswold, L. G.

Captain Griswold is one of the surest free-throw tossers in the valley. He caged eleven foul goals at Champaign, thereby setting a tournament record for a single game. Gris plays a hard, steady game at all times. He led his team through the season in a worthy manner, "talking it up" in a crisis and directing the plays all the time. Eddie will be a hard man to replace next year.

Patterson, C.

Captain-elect Patterson is one of the best centers who ever wore the Red and White. For two years he has made all-star center in the Illinois Valley district, and we feel sure that bigger things are in store for him. Another year under Coach Dale and "Pat" will be a whirlwind. He certainly is an accomplished basket-shooter and an adept at pivoting. Next year will see him at his zenith.

Britton, L. G.

Britton always played a steady floor game and could always be counted on for his portion of the baskets. He is a clean player and has had probably fewer personal fouls called on him than any of the other squad-members. Brit leaves this year and his place will be hard to fill. We expect to see him playing college basketball in a year or two.

R. Daugherty, R. F.

Rus has the keenest eye for a basket of any man in the Valley. He was high scorer in the tournament with thirty-eight points and certainly deserves his position as all-star forward. "Nig" has the happy faculty of never slumping in his basket shooting. Others may have off days, but only once this season did he fail to show up strong and at that time he was sick. Carry on, "Nig."

Weber, R. G.

"Tarzan" Weber solved the biggest problem of the team this year. Dale was worrying about a standing guard when in walked Weber. Gus is a hard-hitting, close-guarding whirlwind and was instrumental in holding La Salle down in the tournament. He sticks to a man like a leech until he gets the ball, and it is impossible to dribble around him. Gus will be back to strengthen next year's team.



Red

G. Daugherity, F.

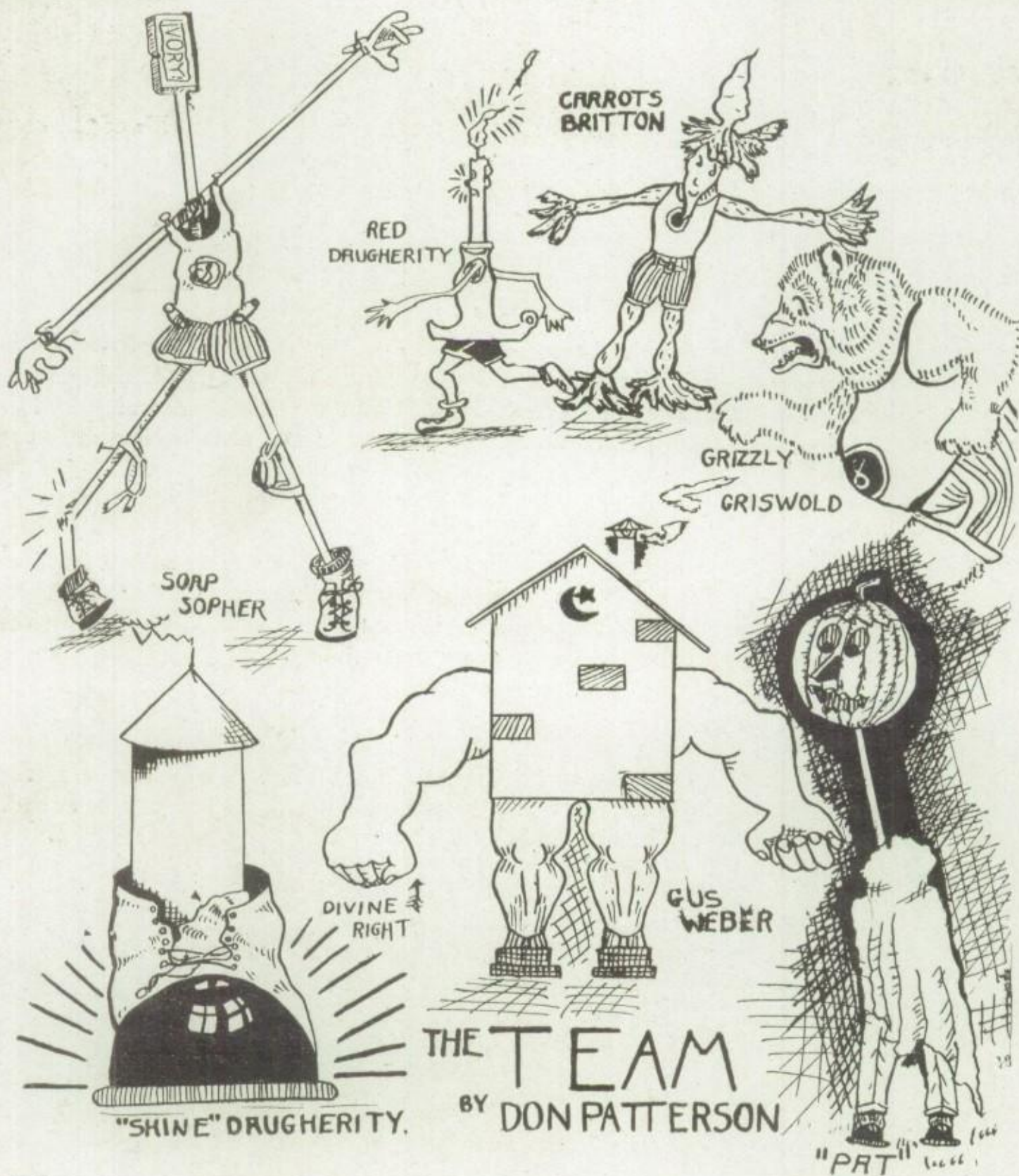
"Red" broke into nearly every game and showed what he is capable of. His best work is in covering the floor. He has a knack of being where the ball is, ready to get possession of it at the right time, and make a pass down the floor. He has a passable eye for the basket, scoring in most of the games he played in. "Red" shows signs of blossoming out next year into a real forward.

Sopher, G.

Sopher is a fighter by instinct. When he goes after the ball, he gets it or keeps the other fellow from getting it. At fighting the ball "Soap" hasn't a peer on the team, and as this is one of the best traits a guard can have, he is bound to develop into a real guard. He has another year yet to perform in.



Soap





Mohan



Britton



Griswold

DEPARTING "S" MEN

Mohan

Ed never thought he had the time to come out for football till last fall. Somehow, someone induced him to slight the cows and chickens long enough to come out for practice a few nights, and after that Ed never missed a practice. When Grizzly was hurt he stepped right in and played the game like a veteran. He can do that hundred in close to 10:03, and the way he skirted the end for twenty yards was an inspiration. Had he discovered himself sooner, he might now have two or three drawers full of "S"'s and medals. If Ed makes as big a success in life as he has in school, he will be a retired farmer in less than ten years.

Britton

Brit is a plodder. He is not exceptionally brilliant in any sport but he always manages to make the teams, and he always plays a steady creditable game. In football, basketball, and track, he always lands a place on the Varsity and is usually the most popular man on the squad. Brit holds a peculiar place in the school; he is the good-natured butt of many a school joke, all of which are only endorsements to his popularity. He has had very few enemies; we have never been able to discover one, but if there is one it is safe to guess that a certain girl is the cause. Good luck to you, Brit. May you face the world with the same grim determination with which you have faced so many lines!

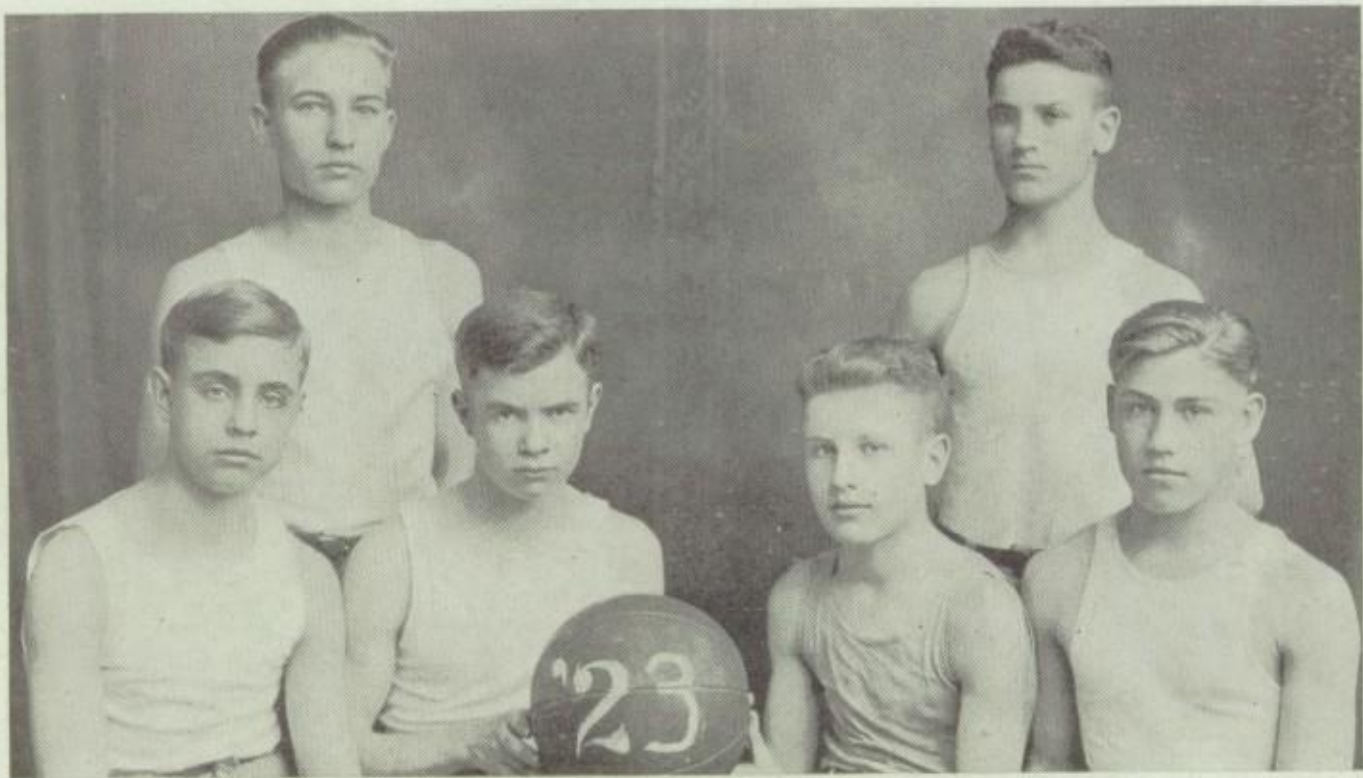
Griswold

It would be hard to imagine a team representing S. H. S. without Grizzly in its ranks. He was a mate of Jimmy Lynch last year at end, when Streater's two ends were so instrumental in holding E. Aurora down to twelve points. And this year he helped beat the same team, playing at half-back. He was captain of this year's basket ball quintet, which was the first team in Streater's history, to carry the "Red and White" to the State Tournament. Although not a star, he was a reliable man and could always be counted on. Not only has he distinguished himself in sports, but in scholastic work, too, he ranks high. We expect things of him in the future.

Class Basketball

The Inter-class Basketball League was again a success, this year's winner being the Juniors with a clean slate. The third year team won every game they played although the Sophomores gave them a merry race. The Seniors won from the Freshmen but were unable to slip it over on the middle classmen.





THE STANDING

	Won	Lost	Ave.
Juniors -----	9	0	1000
Sophomores -----	6	3	.666
Seniors -----	3	6	.333
Freshmen -----	0	9	.000

A SONG TO DALE'S HUSKIES

(Sung to the tune of "Illinois")

In La Salle's old hilly town,
Streator High, Streator High,
There you threw the gauntlet down,
Streator High, Streator High,
When you got into the race,
You sure set them such a pace
That they gladly hid their face,
Streator High, Streator High,
That they gladly hid their face,
Streator High.

First the boys from Earlville came,
Streator High, Streator High,
But they couldn't play the game,
Streator High, Streator High,
Weber's pass and Nigger's throw
Made them very quickly know
That they'd surely have to go,
Streator High, Streator High,
Home with bitter grief and woe,
Streator High.

Next you met the Rollo bunch,
Streator High, Streator High,
Tho't they had an awful punch,
Streator High, Streator High,
They had met the County Seat
And had swept them off their feet;
But from you they met defeat,
Streator High, Streator High,
But from you they met defeat,
Streator High.

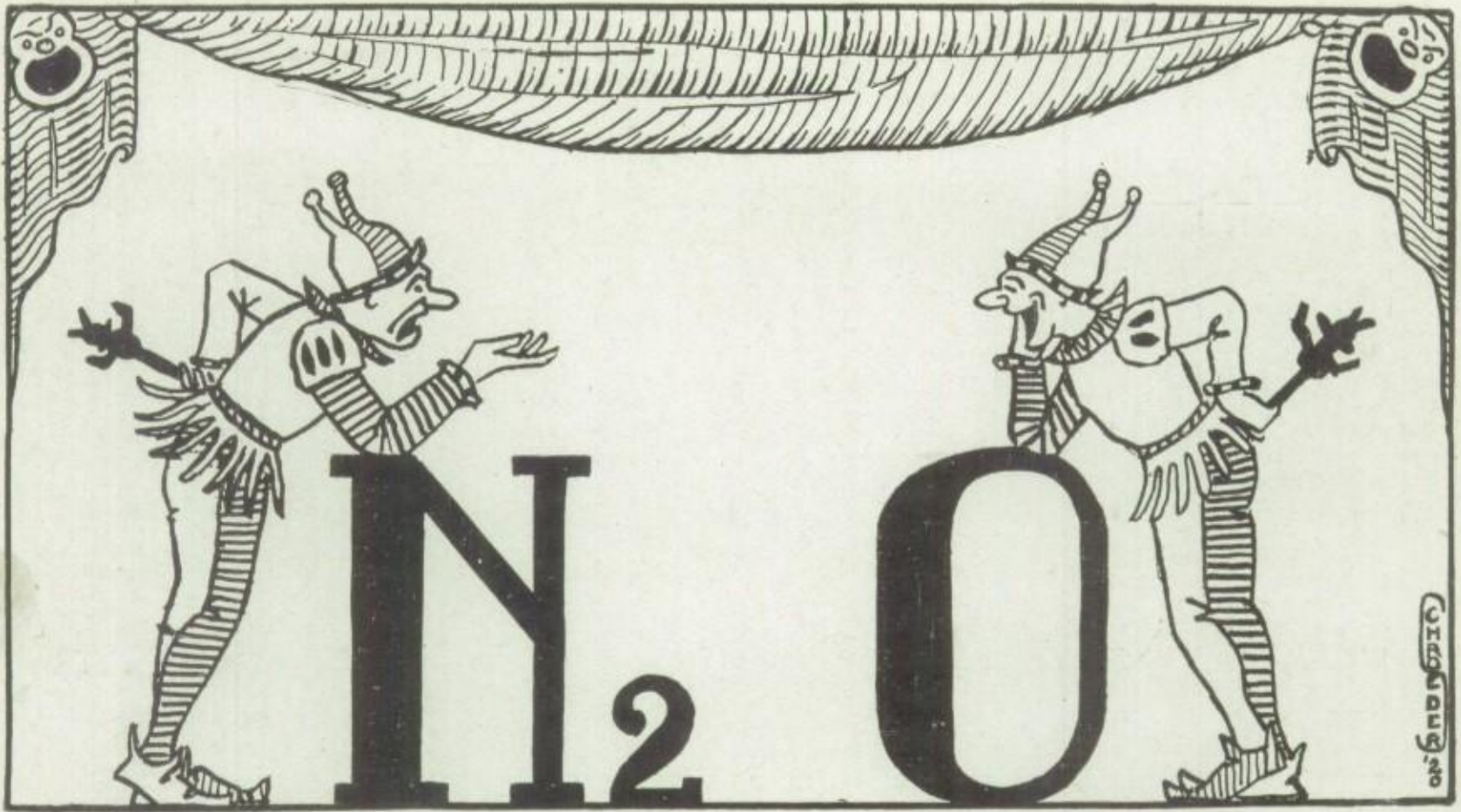
Swaney's lads now took the floor,
Streator High, Streator High,
Who'd beat Tonica before
Streator High, Streator High,
Donald's tip-off, Britton's throws
Kept old Swaney's on their toes
While the subs helped down your foes,
Streator High, Streator High.
While the subs helped down your foes,
Streator High.

Lastly came La Salle's own boys,
Streator High, Streator High,
Sweaters green and lots of noise,
Streator High, Streator High.
With the score tied in a knot
Grizzly made a splendid shot.
Were we happy?—I guess not!!
Streator High, Streator High
Were we happy? I guess not!!
Streator High.

Robert MacCullum '21.



SNAPS



EDITOR—JOHN BREEN '20

THE PSYCHIC SENIOR

Ouiji, Ouiji,
What's my fate:
Will I Flunk
Or Graduate?

Miss L.—“Do you believe the 18th amendment to be constitutional?”
Senior—“No, it doesn't agree at all with my constitution.”

NEWS STAND

Life—Burdett Atwood.
Literary Digest—Marion White.
Woman's Home Companion—Ed. Griswold.
Youth's Companion—Gert Quinn.
Independent—Audrey Cook.
Country Gentleman—Harold Burton.
Variety—Leo McNamara.
Judge—Philip Saunders.
Scientific American—Harvey Rinker.
Forum—Pauline Ieuter.
Speaker—Ruby Roberts.
Harper's Bazaar—Faculty.
Billboard—Bill Price.

Miss C.: “Ted, give me an example of density.
Ted Taylor, rises and stands.
Miss C.: “Very good illustration, Ted, sit down.”

Visitor: “You seem to have a very peculiar faculty for—”
Student (misunderstanding): “Yes, but we don't pick them—”

WANTED

A seat in the assembly—Jim Hennessey.
 Some one to help me make Home Runs—Red Daugherty.
 An assistant valet—Tom Heenan.
 Air—Most of us.

Mr. D.—“What are the main exports from Mexico?”
 S. Bennett—“Section hands.”

A green little Freshman—
 In a green little way
 Mixed up some chemicals in the lab one day,
 The green little grasses now gently wave
 Over the green little Freshman's green little grave.

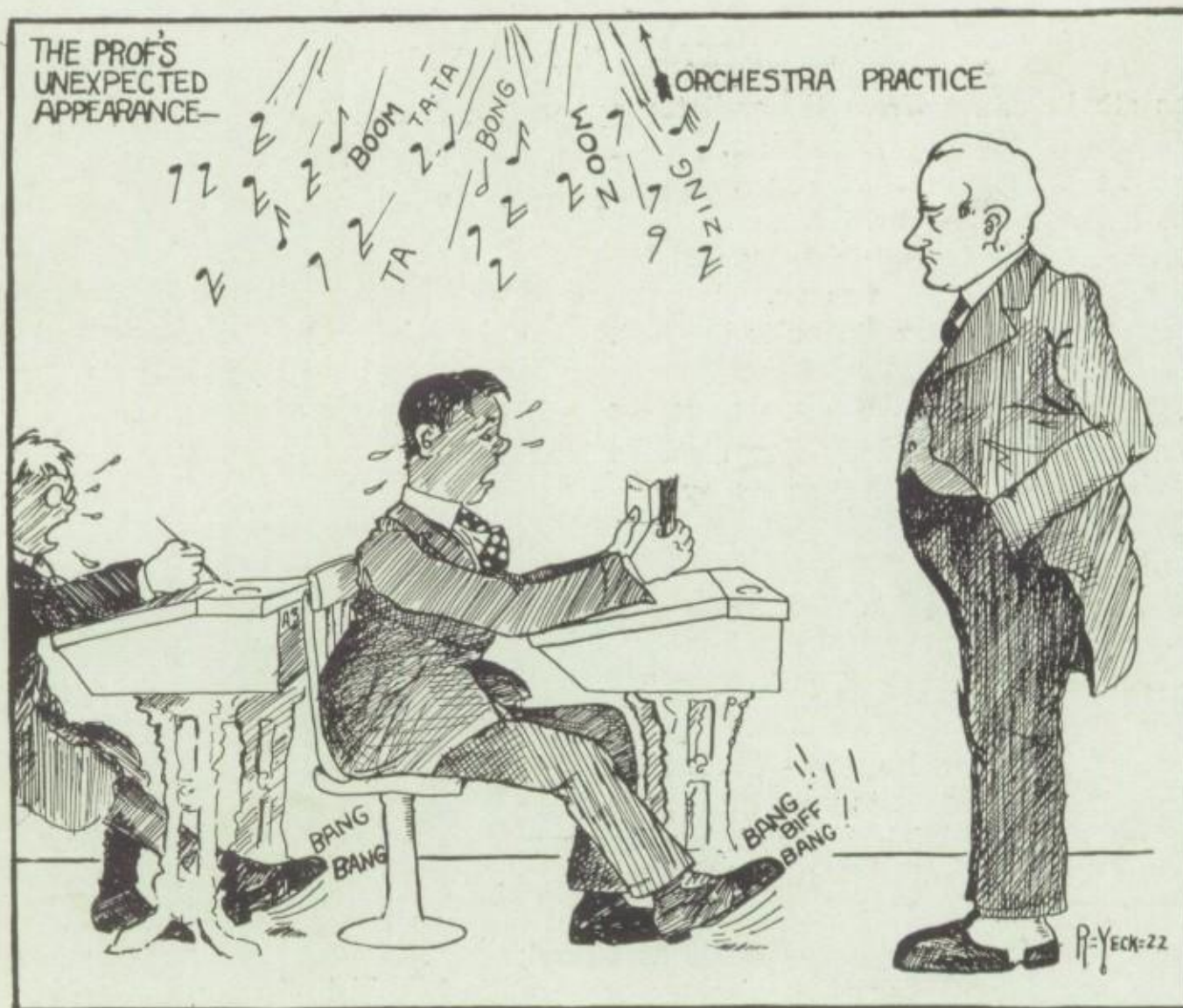
EVOLUTION OF A STUDENT

Freshman—Please, ma'am, I didn't understand the question.”
 Soph—“Give me the question again.”
 Junior—“I don't get you.”
 Senior—“HUH?”

JUST TO SHOW THAT OLD RULES STILL WORK!

Teacher—How would you punctuate the following sentence, “A young girl walked down the street dressed in the height of fashion.”

Leo Mac—“I'd make a dash after the girl.”



CONJUGATION

Ciddo—Kiddo.
 Ciddere—Kid dearie.
 Cissus sum—Kiss us some.

Student—"I can't do this problem."
 Teacher—"Go to your seat and we'll discuss it."
 Student (whisper)—"I'll go to my seat and cuss it."

Father (from the top of stairs)—"Emma, is that man gone?"
 Emma H.—"Awfully, dad."

"Jackson was left alone early in life, his parents dying at the age of fifteen," quoth Bill Reed in History.

WE WONDER

When Harry B. will be able to take a joke.
 What kind of razor Ed. Mohan uses.
 When L. Fincham will ever crack a smile.
 Why Johnny Rohan likes "Macbeth."
 When they are going to build a transportation line out to Ieuter's.
 When Butch will find "the ol' stuff" that's in the coal bin.
 What kind of a lip stick Sherm B. uses.
 When Paul Lester is going to be a man.
 Who writes "Nellie" Davidson's excuses.
 Why Wilma Hepler loves Aeneas so.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPOSSIBILITIES

Teachers staying away from the radiator at the foot of stairs.
 Ralph Campbell losing his horseshoe.
 M. Howells not looking at some boy.
 Harry B. having his lessons.
 Max Ieuter refusing to flirt with anyone.
 Bill Schroeder forgetting to study.
 J. Breen not racing the roll-taker to his seat.

Dale, in sociology—"Name some primitive forms of money, Jim."
 Jim Hennessey—"Cattle, dried dates, and skins."
 Dale—"Where were skins used as money?"
 Jim—"In skin games."

Leo—"I know why people walk in their sleep."
 Harry—"You do; why?"
 Leo—"Because their feet don't go to sleep."

Houston—Chris Hop Protege
 Eats rock candy;
 Washes with hard water;
 Has iron in his blood;
 Carries matches;
 Straddles stools at Hines';
 Chews licorice.



SHOWS IN SEASON

Buddies—Leo and Harry.
 Linger Longer Letty—B. Munn.
 The Little Blue Devil—Bennett.
 For the Defense—M. Howells.
 Curiosity—C. Harmon.
 Crimson Alibi—Red.
 The Sign on the Door—"Use East Entrance."
 The Unknown Woman—?
 Blue Bird—Burdett.
 His Honor, Abe Potash—M. Abrams.
 Too Many Husbands—M. Lanigan.
 Royal Vagabond—P. Lester.
 Scandal—Library.

Visitor, seeing Tom H. go through library—
 "Is that Prof. Waldrip or Pres. Wilson?"

Shaw—"Bill swears awfully."
 Rinker—"I could do better myself."

Pauline I.—"I thought the delegates just ran."
 Mac—"They do till they get winded."

Miss T.—"How's the financial situation?"
 Brightness—"Andy Gump's Carp Caviere is up."

"AIN'T" THIS THE TRUTH?

Better be taken in than counted out.
 Where there's a will there are relations.
 Two thirds of promotion is motion.
 He who hesitates is hit.
 Be your own florist—wreath your face in smiles.
 If you come from a good family—don't travel too far.
 Use soft words and hard arguments.
 Watch your Pep!
 Think twice—speak once.
 The rich man has a twin-six and the poor man six twins.
 The rich have ice in summer, the poor have it in winter—why kick?
 If you want something with strength in it—drink "Vin Fiz."

Hotel Keeper (to guest)—"Waal, howje sleep last night?"
 Traveler—"I suffered nearly all night from insomnia."
 Hotel Keeper—('kinder mad)—"I'll betje two dollars," he roared, "there ain't one in the house."

THIS MAY BE OLD BUT IT CONVEYS YOUNG IDEAS

"There's no question on earth that can't be answered with a direct "yes" or "no," declared a lawyer.

"Take the stand, and I'll show you," said another lawyer.

The lawyer took the stand and the other lawyer asked him: "Have you quit beating your wife?" The lawyer questioned became indignant but the judge insisted that he must answer.

Teacher—"Fools often ask questions that wise men cannot answer."

Harry B. (aside)—"Guess that's why I flunk in so many exams."

Prof. (making an announcement from the platform)—"This pertains to you in front of me, and also those behind me, including myself."

Frances Hoarty—"Was he in front of himself or behind himself?"

Francis Howland—"Probably he was beside himself."

In sixth hour history—

Harry B. reading from the board.—"Regulation of immigration—that's alliteration, isn't it?"

"Yes, a striking example, Harry."

Miss T.—"That's a subject you could spend the rest of the period on."

"Red" Brennan—"Go ahead, spend it!"



Miss T.—“Audrey how far did you get in your outline?”
Audrey C.—“Just got started.”

Teacher—“How is the gold situation?”
Red—“It’s getting yellow.”

Harry Britton at Baskin’s.
Customer—“Why, this suit doesn’t fit me. The pants are too small.”
Harry B.—“Oh, they will stretch.”
Customer—“But the coat is too big.”
Harry B.—“It will be all right after it shrinks.”

Phil S.—“Well, how did you like the book I gave you, Bennett?”
Sherman B.—“Rotten.”
Phil—“Oh, well, what do you know about books; you’re no author.”
Sherman—“No, and I’ve never laid an egg either, but I’m a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the state.”

EXTRACT FROM RINKER’S THEME IN AM. HIST.

“On that day at Appomattox Lee was handsomely attired in a new Confederate uniform, and carried his sword with great ease. In contrast was Grant who had nothing on but a ragged old Union suit.”

ON THE Q. T.

“See here, you rascal, why didn’t you tell me this horse was lame before I bought him?”
“Wal, the feller that sold him to me didn’t say nothin’ about it, so I thought it was a secret.”

Referee—“Did your watch stop when it hit the floor?”
Scott—“Sure, did you think it would go on through?”

“You’ve such an unfortunate disposition you can’t put cold cream on your face for fear it will curdle.”

A GOOD LETTER AFTER ALL

Someone has advanced the opinion that the letter “e” is the most unfortunate letter in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger, and in hell all the time. For some reason, he overlooked the fortunates of the letter, so we call his attention to the fact “e” is never in war and always in peace. Without it there would be no meat, no life and no heaven. And without it there would be no “E’s,” no teachers, and no commencement. Oh, the Seniors love lil’ “E.”

COMPLIMENTARY

Miss L.—“The idea of dozing while the glee club was singing.”
Bill Schroeder—“They were singing a lullaby, weren’t they?”
Miss L.—“Yes.”
Bill S.—“Then I couldn’t pay them any higher compliment.”

“Gee! ain’t that the limit?” cried Pat as the Prof. soaked him with indefinite eighth periods.

“Blowing up of the ‘Maine’ was the main cause of the Spanish-American war,” according to Rinker.



SCHROEDER CONCENTRATING.

Ed. Griswold (in American History Class)—“According to press dispatches in the morning newspapers, efforts to have the Washington police put a stop to the picketing of the British embassy by advocates of an Irish republic failed completely.”

John Breen—“Well, that shouldn’t surprise you; you know on what country America depends for her policemen.”

IN CLASS DURING BETTER ENGLISH WEEK

Teacher—“Washington was a man of good words.”

Pupil—“He had to be, he never told a lie.”

Miss P., in assembly—“Harry and Wilfred, if you wouldn’t look at each other, you wouldn’t have to laugh.”

IS THIS A SOCIAL ERROR?

Heard in gym—She: “I just love to sit and watch other people dance.”

He: “I don’t know how to dance either.”

Teacher—“Why does Macbeth call these drunken men ‘sponges’?”

Pupil—“Because they are soaked.”

Freshie, in Algebra—“ $4x$ and $6x$ makes $18x$.”

Teacher—“Why, it’s only $10x$.”

Freshie—“Oh, it has gone up since yesterday.”

A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION WHICH “BUBBLES” LOST

“Whomsoever is de boss—

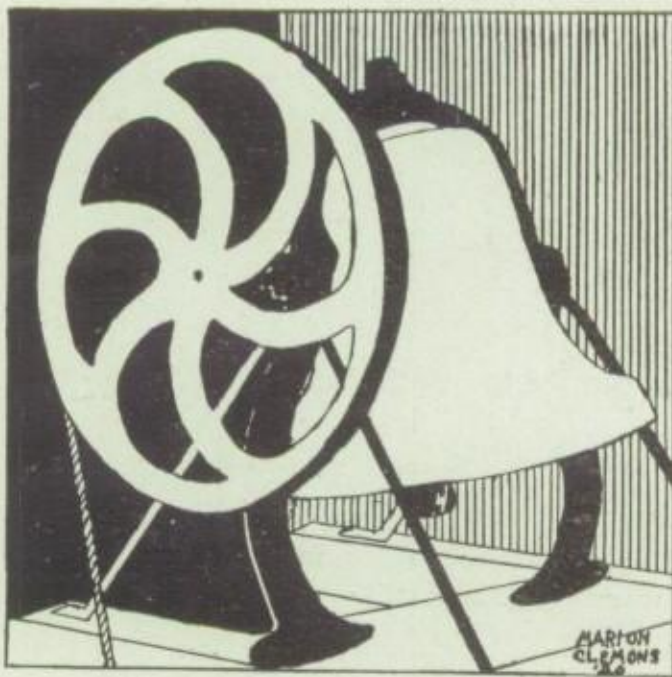
“Dear Sir:—dis is to tessitify dot Lustor Gil wurked for me won wek. Wen he was left I was perfectoly satesfeid.”

Speaking of Francis Howland—

Ed. Mohan—“Say, what do you call a man who plays a xylophone?”

Burdett Atwood—“Well, it depends on how rotten he is.”

TAPS



Quant 22

